

CONTENTS.

| | | |
|---|---|-----|
| 1. John Knox, | <i>Westminster Review</i> , | 387 |
| 2. Chloroform, | <i>Bentley's Miscellany</i> , | 412 |
| 3. Gentlemen in History, | <i>Household Words</i> , | 418 |
| 4. Life of Benjamin Robert Haydon, | <i>Examiner</i> , | 421 |
| 5. Napoleon at St. Helena, | <i>Spectator</i> , <i>Athenaeum</i> , & <i>Lit. Gazette</i> , | 429 |
| 6. Professor Faraday on Table-Moving, | <i>Athenaeum</i> , | 442 |
| 7. Watson's Cruise in the Pacific, | <i>Spectator</i> , | 446 |
| 8. Free Trade as a Bond of Peace, | <i>N. Y. Times</i> , | 447 |

POETRY: To the British and Irish Telegraph, 385; A Poet's Morning—Epitaph, 386; The Contented Man, 428.

SHORT ARTICLES: 'Tis Eighty Years Since, 420; The Cabbage, 427; Form of Chimneys, 428.

NEW BOOKS: A Few Notes on Shakspeare, 417; Lord Bacon and Sir Walter Raleigh, 427; Adventures of a Gentleman in Search of the Church of England, 448.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

TO THE BRITISH AND IRISH TELEGRAPH.

O, wondrous chain, thou well canst prove
A change for better things!
When even love, for carrier dove,
May trust the lightning's wings;
Prove it but needs a willing mood,
To turn aught evil into good.

Yea, in itself, a spirit good,
Which thou hast brought us o'er;
That feeling of near neighborhood,
As England were next door;
Nay, rather, as a friend so near,
That we may whisper in her ear.

Here mind meets mind with rapid spring;
It seems as thought had cast
Betwixt our shores the magic ring
By which she travels fast,
And bound her geni to our will;
What mission shall our slave fulfil?

First, ask our friends in yonder land,
Why keep they thus apart?
Say, even Erin's wasted hand
Holds Beauty to her heart;
And hides her where, 'mid dewy dells,
The green earth dimples into wells.

That 'mid our hills as wild and free
As one at home she seems,
And lets her voice accompany
The music of our streams;
Her mantle tangled in the brake,
Her shadow on the silent lake.

That when the cloud's rich purple fold
Lifts to the evening's beam,
Beneath, on couch of pearl and gold,
Lies Beauty in a dream.

For cloudland who? we bid thee say,
Through Ireland lies the nearest way.

And to our Royal Lady say,
That this, her green domain,
Is yearning for a sunny day—
So will she come again?

Then shall thy wires with welcomes quiver,
Our "hundred thousand" few to give her.

But shalt thou tell how ruin treads
On yonder hearthstone cold?
Of hungry mouths, and houseless heads?
Alas, the tale is old!
And should'st thou all such tales convey,
'T would wear thy wires too soon away.

Of Erin's slothful hands, that waste
Rich gifts bestowed in vain?
How party's bonds are o'er her cast—
How passion shakes the chain?
No—ill news flies apace, we throw,
Without such messenger as thou.

But whisper gently, as most fit,
To men of high degree,
That harp of tone most exquisite,
May yet mishandled be;
Alas! our part in Britain's song
Hath been the discord far too long.

Some say thy chain was not the first
That fastened us to her;
But thou hast made the word accursed
Sound kindly. We could bear
Another chain betwixt us wove,
Unfrayed and firm—the links of love.

And love's true type thou surely art;
It hath its signs like thee—
The telegraph 'twixt heart and heart,
Life's electricity!
That, like thee, to the depths goes down,
That many waters cannot drown.

'Like thee, through dark and tangled places
Its way it can pursue —
As delicate the touch that traces
Its errand swift and true ;
But, *unlike* thee, behind it cast,
It leaves a brightness where it passed.

Not parted would our islands seem,
Could love's lost links be found ;
The channel were a narrow stream
In *one* fair pleasure-ground,
Where either side for shade might thank
The trees on the opposing bank.
What lessons England's quickened sight
Might learn through such a chain !
And Erin's passion-lightnings write
A harmless message then ;
And learn to strike the better part,
Not Britain's head, but Britain's heart.
Twins should they be, and closely joined,
That, like the Siamese,
With arms around each other twined
Could only feel at ease ; —
Should feel that were that band cut through,
'T would spill the life-blood of the two.

And England teach her sister weak
Her firm and stately trend,
And grateful Erin's fingers deck
The grand, exalted head
With gems, the richest ever set
E'en in that glorious coronet.
When shall it be? When each torn half
Of Erin's self shall join —
When love hath set its telegraph
'Twixt Wexford and the Boyne ;
When God is felt, and error fled,
And prejudice is lying dead.

Then welcome, messenger of power !
If e'er that bright day break,
Sure we shall need thee every hour
Some friendly word to take.
Become, though lightning be thy dower,
An Iris for our sake —
Tell England how we long to prove,
The rainbow *tints* of peace and love.

From Tait's Magazine.

A POET'S MORNING.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

'T is sweet to watch the dawn
Glide slowly o'er the lawn,
And steal upon the hare in her soft sleep ;
Nor hurt that timid thing,
So gently slumbering,
Nor wake the feathered brood that solemn silence
keep.

'T is sweet to wander then
Through dell and bosky glen,
Till comes the lark to hymn the rosy day ;
While o'er the sedgy mere
Mists rise and disappear,
Like shadowy shapes, that come and flit away.

* 'T is at this hour the bard
Will meet his best reward

From nature's hand — his mistress dear — for
she
Loves then to court his eyes
With beauteous mysteries,
Which to the untouched heart must age-deep
riddles be.

Then o'er his soul she flings
The radiance of her wings,
And wakes within his heart a solemn hymn ;
Flowers, birds, and bees are waking,
And night is slowly taking
Her sleepy farewell o'er the horizon's brim.

Then Dryads bathe their tresses
In the sweet dewinesses,
That net all o'er the world of forest flowers ;
Whilst morn comes, slyly creeping,
To check night's balmy weeping,
And Phœbus kisses up her tears from leafy
bowers.

Then through the moss-lined antres
The music Oread saunters
In search of cool springs hidden from the sun ;
Where Dian may recline
And sip the creamy wine
From the lush clusters of cloud-berries won.

'T is sweet to wander where
Some valley stretches fair,
Hugging a river in its verdant arms ;
And, while Apollo sheds
Upon the mountain heads
His first smile, gaze upon earth's glowing
charms.

Perhaps the eye may glide
On Naiads in their pride
Floating upon the bosom of the wave ;
Or, by some streamlet's side,
May see through vistas wide
Troops of gay wood-nymphs in the ripples lave.

For then, those spirits old,
Of whom great bards have told
Are visible to him whom nature loves
And every flower that springs
Around his footsteps, brings
Mem'ries of storied shapes that haunted ancient
groves.

And every wood's recesses,
And dingle's leafinesses,
Are gushing o'er with bright and aerial things ;
O'er which he loves to think
At eve, by runnel's brink,
When twilight o'er the globe her dreamy mantle
flings !

EPITAPH

ON A LINENDRAPER

COTTONS, and cambrics, all adieu,
And muslins, too, farewell ;
Plain, striped, and figured, old and new,
Three quarters, yard, or ell ;
By nail and yard I've measured ye,
As customers inclined,
The churchyard now has measured me,
And nails my coffin bind.

From the Westminster Review.

The Life of John Knox. By THOMAS M'CRIC, D.D. London: Henry G. Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden. 1847.

THE Scotch Reformation, in the sixteenth century, is remarkable for an almost complete absence of the dubious and questionable features by which violent revolutions are so often disfigured. Less happy than the English, the Protestants of Scotland had no alternative between an armed resistance to the government, and the destruction of themselves and their religion; and no body of people who have been driven to such resistance were ever more temperate in the conduct of it, or more moderate in their use of victory. The problem which they had to solve was a simple one; it was to deliver themselves of a system which, when judged by the fruits of it, was evil throughout, and with which no good man was found any more to sympathize.

Elsewhere in Europe there was some life left in Catholicism; it was a real faith, by which sincere and earnest men were able to direct themselves, and whose consciences it was painful or perilous to wound by over-sweeping measures. In Scotland, it was dead to the root, a mass of falsehood and corruption; and, having been endured to the last extremity, the one thing to be done with it, when endurance was no longer possible, was to take it utterly away.

So great a work was never executed with slighter loss of human life, or smaller injury to a country. It was achieved by the will of one man, who was the representative of whatever was best and noblest in the people to whom he belonged; and as in itself it was simple and straightforward, so of all great men in history there is not one whose character is more simple and intelligible than that of John Knox. A plain but massive understanding, a courage which nothing could shake, a warm, honest heart, and an intense hatred and scorn of sin; these are the qualities which appear in him; these, and only these. There may have been others, but the occasion did not require them, they were not called into play. The evil which was to be overcome had no strong intellectual defences; it was a tyrannical falsehood, upheld by force; and force of character, rather than breadth or subtlety of thought, was needed to cope with it.

The struggle, therefore, was an illustration, on a large scale, of the ordinary difficulties of common men; and we might have expected, in consequence, to have found Knox better understood, and better appreciated, than almost any man who has played so large a part in history. There are no moral blemishes which we have to forgive, no difficulties of position to allow for. His conduct throughout was single, consistent, and direct; his

character transparent to the most ordinary eye; and it is a curious satire upon modern historians, that, ill as great men usually fare in their hands, Knox has fared the worst of all. A disturber of the peace, a bigot, a fanatic—these are the names which have been heaped upon him, with what ludicrous impropriety some one man in a million who had looked into the subject was perhaps aware, but the voices of these units, until very recent times, had little chance of being heard in remonstrance. The million, divided into whig and tory, could not afford to recognize the merit of a man who had outraged both traditions. The tories hated him because he was disobedient to constituted authorities; the whigs hated him because he was their *bête noire*, an intolerant Protestant; and the historians, ambitious of popularity, have been contented to be the exponents of popular opinion. There are symptoms, however, at the present time, of a general change for the better in such matters. In the collapse of the old political parties, and the increasing childishness of the ecclesiastical, the prejudices of the two last centuries are melting out from us, and we are falling everywhere back upon our common sense. The last fifty years have not passed over our heads without leaving a lesson behind them; and we, too, in our way, are throwing off "the bondage of tradition," for better ascertained truths of fact. In contrast with the tradition, Mr. Carlyle has placed Knox by the side of Luther as the Hero Priest; and, more recently (which is also no inconsiderable indication of the state of public feeling), a cheap edition of Dr. M'Crie's excellent life of him has been brought out by Mr. Bohn,* in the belief that there is now sufficient interest in the subject to justify the risk. Let us hope that these are real signs of the growth of a more wholesome temper, and that, before any very long time has elapsed, some judgment will have been arrived at, which will better bear the test of time than that which has hitherto passed current. As far as it goes, M'Crie's book is thoroughly good; it is manly, earnest, and upright; and, in the theological aspect of the subject, it leaves nothing to be desired, except, indeed, a little less polemical asperity. But a history written from a theological point of view, if not incorrect, is necessarily inadequate; and, although the soundness of Dr. M'Crie's understanding has gone far to remedy the unavoidable deficiency, yet the account of John Knox which shall tell us fully and completely what he was, and what place he fills in history, remains to be written.

He was born at Haddington, in the year

* Why does not Mr. Bohn republish Knox's own "History of the Reformation" for us in the same form?

1505. His family, though not noble, were solid, substantial landowners, who, for several generations, had held estates in Renfrewshire, perhaps under the Earls of Bothwell, whose banner they followed in the field. Their history, like that of other families of the time, is obscure and not important; and of the father of John, nothing is known, except that he fought under the predecessor of the famous Lord Bothwell, probably at Flodden, and other of those confused battles, which answered one high purpose in hardening and steeling the Scotch character, but in all other senses were useless indeed. But it is only by accident that we know so much as this; and even of the first eight and thirty years of the life of his son, which he spent as a quiet, peaceable private person, we are left to gather up what stray hints the after recollections of his friends could supply, and which, indeed, amount to almost nothing. We find that he was at school at Haddington; that he afterwards went to the University of Glasgow, where, being a boy of weak constitution, and probably his own wishes inclining in the same direction, it was determined to bring him up to be a priest. He distinguished himself in the ordinary way; becoming, among other things, an accomplished logic lecturer; and, at the right age, like most of the other Reformers, he was duly ordained. But what further befell him in this capacity is altogether unknown, and his inward history must be conjectured from what he was when at last he was called out into the world. He must have spent many years in study; for, besides his remarkable knowledge of the Bible, he knew Greek, Latin, and French well; we find in his writings a very sufficient acquaintance with history, Pagan and Christian: he had read Aristotle and Plato, as well as many of the Fathers; in fact, whatever knowledge was to be obtained out of books, concerning men and human things, he had not failed to gather together. But his chief knowledge, and that which made him what he was, was the knowledge, not of books, but of the world in which he lived, and the condition of which must have gradually unfolded itself to him as he grew to manhood.

The national traditions of Scotland, which for some centuries held it together in some sort of coherence, in spite of the general turbulence, were broken at the battle of Flodden; the organic life of it as a separate, independent nation died there; and the anarchy which followed, during the long minority of James V., resulted in the general moral disintegration of the entire people. The animosity against England threw them into a closer and closer alliance with France, one consequence of which was, that most of the noblemen and gentlemen, after a semi-barbarous boyhood in their father's castles, spent a few years in

Paris to complete their education, and the pseudo cultivation of the most profligate court in the world, laid on like varnish over so uncouth a preparation, produced, as might have been anticipated, as undesirable specimens of human nature as could easily be met with.

The high ecclesiastics, the bishops and archbishops, being, in almost all cases, the younger sons, or else the illegitimate sons, of the great nobles, were brought up in the same way, and presented the same features of character, except that a certain smoothness and cunning were added to the compound, which overlaid the fierce sensuality below the surface. Profligate they were to a man; living themselves like feudal chiefs, their mistresses were either scattered at the houses of their retainers, or openly maintained with themselves; and so little shame was attached to such a life, that they brought up their children, acknowledged them as their own, and commonly had them declared legitimate by act of Parliament. So high an example was naturally not unfollowed by the inferior clergy. Concubinage was all but universal among them, and, by general custom, the son of the parish priest succeeded to his father's benefice. Enormously wealthy, for half the land of Scotland, in one way or another, belonged to them, of duty as attaching to their position they appear to have had no idea whatsoever; further than that the masses, for the sins of themselves and the lay lords, were carefully said and paid for. Teaching or preaching there was none; and the more arduous obligations of repentance and practical amendment of life were dispensed with by the convenient distribution of pardons and absolutions.

For the poor, besides these letters of pardon, the bishops it appears provided letters of cursing, which might or might not be of material benefit to them. "Father," said a village farmer to Friar Airth, one of the earliest reforming preachers, "can ye resolve a doubt which has risen among us? What servant will serve a man best on least expense?"—"The good angel," answered the friar, "who makes great service without expense."—"Tush," said the gossip, "we mean no such great matters. What honest man will do greatest service for least expense?" and, while the friar was musing, "I see, father," he said, "the greatest clerks are not the wisest men. Know ye not how the bishops serve us husbandmen? will they not give us a letter of cursing for a plack, to curse all that look over our dyke? and that keeps our corner better nor the sleepin' boy that will have three shillin' of fee, a sark, and a pair of shoon in the year?"

Such were the duties of ministers of religion in Scotland in the first half of the sixteenth century; and such was the spiritual

atmosphere into which Knox, by his ordination, was introduced. If ever system could be called the mother of ungodliness, this deserved the title. What poor innocent people there may have been in the distant highland glens, who, still under the old forms, really believed in a just and holy God, only He knows; none such appear upon the surface of history; nothing but evil—evil pure and unadulterated. Nowhere in Europe was the Catholic Church as it was in Scotland. Lying off remote from all eyes, the abuses which elsewhere were incipient, were there full blown, with all their poison fruits ripened upon them. "The church, the church," said Dean Annan to Knox, "ye leave us no church."—"Yes," answered he, "I have read in David of the church of the malignants. *Odi ecclesiam malignantium*; if this church ye will be, I cannot hinder you."

But as long as it continued, it answered too well the purposes of those who profited by it, to permit them to let it be assailed with impunity; and when we say, "profited by it," we do not mean in the gross and worldly sense of profit, but we speak rather of the inward comfort and satisfaction of mind which they derived from it. It is a mistake to suppose that such a religion was a piece of conscious hypocrisy. These priests and bishops, we have no doubt, did really believe that there were such places as Heaven and Hell, and their religion was the more dear to them in proportion to their sinfulness, because it promised them a sure and easy escape from the penalties of it. By a singular process of thought, which is not uncommon among ourselves, they imagined the value of the mass to be dependent on the world's belief in it; and the Reformers, who called it an idol, were not so much supposed to be denying an eternal truth, as to be spoiling the virtue of a convenient talisman. No wonder, therefore, that they were angry with them; no wonder that they thought any means justifiable to trample out such pernicious enemies of their peace. For a time, the Protestant preachers only made way among the common people, and escaped notice by their obscurity. As the profligacy of the higher clergy increased, however, they attracted more influential listeners; and at last, when one of the Hamiltons came back from Germany, where he had seen Luther, and began himself to preach, the matter grew serious. The Archbishop of Glasgow determined to strike a decisive blow, and, arresting this young nobleman, he burnt him in the Glasgow market-place, on the last of February, 1527. He had hoped that one example would be sufficient, but the event little answered his expectations. "The reek of Mr. Patrick Hamilton," as some one said to him, "infected as many as it did blow upon," and it soon became necessary to estab-

lish a regular tribunal of heresy. Of the scenes which took place at the trials, the following is not, perhaps, an average specimen, but that such a thing could have occurred at all, furnishes matter for many curious reflections.

A certain Alexander Ferrier, who had been taken prisoner in a skirmish and had been kept seven years in England, found on his return that "the priest had entertained his wife, and consumed his substance the while." Being overloud in his outcries, he was accused of being a heretic, and was summoned before the bishops; when, instead of pleading to the charges against himself, he repented his own charges against the priest:—

"And for God's cause," he added, "will ye take wives of your own, that I and others, whose wives ye have abused, may be revenged upon you." The Bishop Gavin Dundar, thinking to justify himself before the people, said, "Carle, thou shalt not know my wife." The said Alexander answered, "My lord, ye are too old, but with the grace of God, I shall drink with your daughter before I depart." And thereat was smiling of the best, and loud laughter of some; for the bishop had a daughter, married with Andrew Balfour in the same town. Then, after divers purposes, they commanded him to burn his bill, and he, demanding the cause, said, "Because ye have spoken the articles whereof ye are accused." His answer was, "The muckle devil bear them away that first and last spake them;" and so he took the bill, and chewing it, he spit it in Mr. Andrew Oliphant's face, saying, "Now burn it or drown it, whether ye will, ye shall hear no more of me. But I must have somewhat of every one of you to begin my pack again, which a priest and a priest's whore have spent," and so every prelate and rich priest, glad to be rid of his tongue, gave him somewhat and so departed he, for he understood nothing of religion.—*Knox, Hist.*, p. 16.

Knox tells the story so dramatically, that he was probably present. He had gone to the trial perhaps, taking his incipient doubts with him, to have them satisfied by high authority. The experiment of public trials not altogether succeeding, the French method of wholesale murder was next suggested. Lists of obnoxious persons, containing several hundred names, were presented to the king, and at one time a sort of consent was extracted from him; but there was a generosity of nature about James which would not let him go wrong for any length of time, and he recalled the permission which he had given before any attempt had been made to execute it. Profligate himself, and indifferent to the profligacy of others, his instincts taught him that it was not for such princes as he was, or such prelates as those of his church, to indulge in religious persecution; and as long as he lived the sufferings of the Protestants,

except at rare intervals, were never very great. The example of England, and the spoliation of the abbey lands now in rapid progress there, forbade the bishops to venture on a quarrel with him, when he might so easily be provoked into following a similar course; and for a time they thought it more prudent to suspend their proceedings, and let things take their way.

So the two parties grew on, watching one another's movements; the Reformation spreading faster and faster, but still principally among the commons and the inferior gentlemen; the church growing every day more fruitful in wickedness, and waiting for its opportunity to renew the struggle. The Protestants showed no disposition to resent their past ill-treatment; they were contented to stand on their defence, and only wished to be let alone. We are apt to picture them to ourselves as a set of gloomy fanatics, such men as Scott has drawn in Balfour of Burley or Ephraim MacBriar. On close acquaintance, however, they appear as little like fanatics as any set of men ever were. The great thing about which they were anxious was to get rid of sin and reform their lives; and the temper in which they set about it was quiet, simple, and unobtrusive; a certain broad, humorous kindness shows in all their movements the result of the unconscious strength which was in them; they meddled with no one, and with nothing; the bishops were welcome to their revenues and their women; they envied them neither the one nor the other; they might hate the sin, but they could pity the sinner, and with their seraphs and their mitres these great, proud men, believing themselves to be the successors of the apostles, were rather objects of compassionate laughter. Naturally they recoiled from their doctrines when they saw the fruits of them, but desirous only to live justly and uprightly themselves, and to teach one another how best to do it, they might fairly claim to be allowed to go on in such a purpose without interference; and those who chose to interfere with them were clearly responsible for any consequences which might ensue.

Lost in their number, and as yet undistinguished among them, was John Knox. Theodore Beza tells us, that early in his life he had drawn on himself the animadversions of the authorities of the University by his lectures; but this is not consistent with his own account of himself, and it is clear that he remained quietly and slowly making up his mind, till within a year of James' death, before he finally left the Catholic church. He must then have been thirty-seven or thirty-eight years old, and that he was so long in taking his first step is not easily to be reconciled with the modern theory, that he was an eager and noisy demagogue. Nor, after he

had declared himself a Protestant, was there any appearance of a disposition to put himself forward; he settled down to plain quiet work as private tutor in a gentleman's family. Whoever wishes to understand Knox's character ought seriously to think of this; an ambitious man, with talents such as his, does not wait till middle age to show himself. Vanity, fanaticism, impatience of control, these are restless, noisy passions, and a man who was possessed by them would not be found at forty teaching the children of a poor Scotch laird. Whatever be the real account of him, we must not look for it in dispositions such as these. But we are now coming to the time when he was called upon to show what he was.

The death of James was followed by a complication of intrigues, which terminated in the usurpation of the supreme power by Cardinal Beaton, the nominal authority being left to the regent — the foolish, incompetent Earl of Arran. Cardinal Beaton, who was the ablest, as well as the most profligate of the prelates, had long seen that if the Reformation was to be crushed at all it was time to do it. The persecution had recommenced after the death of the king; but the work was too important to be left in the hands of the hesitating Arran. And Beaton, supported by a legatine authority from Rome, and by the power of the French court, took it into his own hands. The queen-mother attached herself to his party, to give his actions a show of authority; and with law, if possible, and if not, then without law, he determined to do what the interests of the church required. At this crisis, George Wishart a native Scotchman, who had been persecuted away a few years before by the Bishop of Brechin, and had since resided at Cambridge, reappeared in Scotland, and began to preach. He was by far the most remarkable man who had as yet taken part in the Protestant movement, and Knox at once attached himself to him, and accompanied him on a preaching mission through Lothian, carrying, we find (and this is the first characteristic which we meet with of Knox), a two-handed sword, to protect him from attempts at assassination. They were many weeks out together; Wishart field-preaching, as we should call it, and here is one little incident from among his adventures, which will not be without interest: —

One day he preached for three hours by a dyke on a muir edge, with the multitude about him. In that sermon, God wrought so wonderfully by him, that one of the most wicked men that was in that country, named Lawrence Ranken, Laird of Shiel, was converted. The tears ran from his eyes in such abundance that all men wondered. His conversion was without hypocrisy, for his life and conversation witnessed it in all time to come.

Surely that is very beautiful ; reminding us of other scenes of a like kind fifteen hundred years before ; and do not let us think it was noisy rant of doctrine, of theoretic formulas ; like its antitype, like all true preaching, it was a preaching of repentance, of purity, and righteousness. It is strange that the great cardinal papal legate, representative of the vicar of Christ, could find nothing better to do with such a man than to kill him ; such, however, was what he resolved on doing, and after murder had been tried and had failed, he bribed the Earl of Bothwell to seize him, and send him prisoner to St. Andrews. Wishart was taken by treachery, and knew instantly what was before him. Knox refused to leave him, and insisted on sharing his fate ; but Wishart forced him away. " Nay," he said, " return to your bairns ; ane is sufficient for a sacrifice."

It was rapidly ended. He was hurried away, and tried by what the cardinal called form of law, and burnt under the walls of the castle ; the cardinal himself, the Archbishop of Glasgow, and other prelates, reclining on velvet cushions, in a window, while the execution was proceeded with in the court before their eyes. As the consequences of this action were very serious, it is as well to notice one point about it, one of many — but this one will for the present be sufficient. The execution was illegal. The regent had given no warrant to Beaton, or to any other prelate, to proceed against Wishart ; to an application for such a warrant, he had indeed returned a direct and positive refusal ; and the execution was, therefore, not in a moral sense only, but according to the literal wording of the law, *murder*. The state of the case, in plain terms, was this. A private Scottish subject, for that he was a cardinal and a papal legate made not the slightest difference, was taking upon himself to kill, of his own private motion, another Scottish subject who was obnoxious to him. That the executive government refused to interfere with him in such proceedings does not alter the character of them ; it appears to us, indeed, that by such a refusal the government itself forfeited the allegiance of the nation ; but, at any rate, Beaton was guilty of murder, and whatever punishment is due to such crimes he must be held to have deserved. It is necessary to keep this in view, if we are to bring our judgment to bear fairly on what followed. When governments are unwilling or unable to enforce the established law, we are thrown back upon those moral instincts on which rightly understood law itself is founded, and those who feel most keenly the horrors of great crimes are those who in virtue of that feeling are the appointed avengers of them. We shall tell the story of what followed in Knox's own words, his very narrative of it having itself been made matter

of weighty accusation against him. The cardinal, having some misgivings as to the temper of the people, was hastily fortifying his castle. Wishart had been burnt in the winter ; it was now the beginning of the summer, and the nights were so short that the workmen never left the walls.

Early upon Saturday in the morning, the 29th of May, the gates being open, and the drawbridge let down for receiving of lime and stone, William Kircaldy of Grange, younger, and with him six persons, getting entrance, held purpose with the porter, if my lord cardinal was waking ? who answered, " No," — and so it was indeed ; for he had been busy at his accounts with Mistress Marion Ogilvy that night, who was espied to depart from him by the private postern that morning, and therefore quietness, after the rules of physic, and a morning's sleep were requisite for my lord. While the said William and the porter talked, and his servants made them look to the work and the workmen, approached Norman Leslie with his company, and because they were no great number, they easily got entrance. They address them to the middle of the closs, and immediately came John Leslie somewhat rudely and four persons with him.

Knox goes on to tell how these young men, sixteen in all, seized the castle, turning every one out of it, and by threat of fire forced the cardinal to open the door of the room where he had barricaded himself ; and then he continues : —

The cardinal sate down in a chair, and cried, " I am a priest — I am a priest, ye will not slay me." Then John Leslie struck him once or twice, and so did Peter Charmichael. But James Melvin — a man of nature most gentle and most modest — perceiving them both in choler, withdrew them, and said, " This work and judgment of God, although it be secret, yet ought to be done with greater gravity." And presenting to him the point of his sword, he said, " Repent thee of thy former wicked life, but especially of the shedding of the blood of that notable instrument of God, Mr. George Wishart, which albeit the flames of fire consumed before men, yet cries it with a vengeance upon thee, and we from God are sent to revenge it. For here before my God, I protest, that neither the hatred of thy person, the love of thy riches, nor the fear of any trouble thou couldst have done to me in particular, moved or moveth me to strike thee, but only because thou hast been and remainest an obstinate enemy to Christ Jesus and his holy evangel." And so he struck him twice or thrice through with a sword ; and so he fell, never word heard out of his mouth, but " I am a priest — I am a priest — fie, fie, all is gone."

" The foulest crime," exclaims Chalmers, " which ever stained a country." . . . " It is very horrid, yet, at the same time, amusing," says Mr. Hume, " to consider the

joy, alacrity, and pleasure which Knox discovers in his narrative of it," and so on through all the historians.

Expectes eadem summo minimoque poetâ,

even those most favorable to the Reformers, not venturing upon more than an apologetic disapproval. With the most unaccountable perversity they leave out of sight, or in the shade, the crimes of Beaton; and seeing only that he was put to death by men who had no legal authority to execute him, they can see in their action nothing but an outbreak of ferocity. We cannot waste our time in arguing the question. The estates of Scotland not only passed an amnesty for all parties concerned, but declared that they had deserved well of their country in being true to the laws of it, when the legitimate guardians of the laws forgot their duty; and, surely, any judgment which will consider the matter without temper, will arrive at the same conclusion. As to Mr. Hume's "horror and amusement" at Knox's narrative; if we ask ourselves what a clear-eyed, sound-hearted man ought to have felt on such an occasion, we shall feel neither one nor the other. Is the irony so out of place? If such a man, living such a life, and calling himself a priest and a cardinal, be not an object of irony, we do not know what irony is for. Nor can we tell where a man, who believes in a just God, could find fitter matter for exultation, than in the punishment which struck down a powerful criminal, whose position appeared to secure him from it.

The regent, who had been careless for Wishart, was eager to revenge Beaton. The little "forlorn hope of the Reformation" was blockaded in the castle; and Knox, who as Wishart's nearest friend was open to suspicion, and who is not likely to have concealed his opinion of what had been done, although he had not been made privy to the intention, was before long induced to join them. His life was in danger, and he had thought of retiring into Germany; but the Lord of Ormiston, whose sons were under his care, and who was personally connected with the party in the castle, persuaded him to take refuge there, carrying his pupils with him. Up to this time he had never preached, nor had thought of preaching, but, cast in the front of the battle as he was now, the time was come when he was to know his place, and was to take it. The siege was indefinitely protracted. The castle was strong, and supplies were sent by sea from England. The garrison was strengthened by adventurers, who, for one motive or another, gathered in there, and the regent could make no progress towards reducing them. The town of St. Andrews was generally on their side, and, except when it was occupied by the regent's soldiers, was open to them to

come and go. Taking advantage of this opportunity, Knox was often with his boys in the church, and used to lecture and examine them there. It attracted the notice of the towns-people, who wished to hear more of the words of such a man. The castle party themselves, too, finding that they had no common person among them, joined in the same desire; and as — being a priest — there could be no technical objection to his preaching, by a general consent he was pressed to come forward in the pulpit. The modern associations with the idea of preaching will hardly give us a right idea of what it was when the probable end of it was the stake or the gibbet; and although the fear of stake or gibbet was not likely to have influenced Knox, yet the responsibility of the office in his eyes was, at least, as great as the danger of it, and he declined to "thrust himself where he had no vocation." On which there followed a very singular scene in the chapel of the castle. In the eyes of others his power was his vocation, and it was necessary to bring him to a consciousness of what was evident to every one but himself. On Sunday, after the sermon, John Rough, the chaplain, turned to him as he was sitting in the body of the chapel, and, calling him by his name, addressed him thus: —

Brother, ye shall not be offended, albeit, that I speak unto you that which I have in charge, even from all these that are here present, which is this. In the name of God, and of his son Jesus Christ, and in the name of those that presently call you by my mouth, I charge you that ye refuse not this holy vocation; but as ye tender the glory of God, the increase of Christ's kingdom, the edification of your brethren, that ye take upon you the public office and charge of preaching, even as ye look to avoid God's heavy displeasure, and desire that he shall multiply his grace with you.

Then, turning to the rest of the assembly, he asked whether he had spoken well. They all answered that he had, and that they approved.

Whereat, the said John, abashed, burst forth in the most abundant tears, and withdrew himself to his chamber. His countenance and behavior from that day till the day that he was compelled to present himself to the public place of preaching did sufficiently declare the grief and trouble of his heart, for no man saw any signs of mirth in him, neither yet had he pleasure to accompany any man many days together.

Again, we ask, is this the ambitious demagogue — the stirrer-up of sedition — the enemy of order and authority? Men have strange ways of accounting for what perplexes them. This was the call of Knox. It may seem a light matter to us, who have learnt to look on preaching as a routine operation, in which only by an effort of thought we are able to

stimulate an interest in ourselves. To him, as his after history showed, it implied a life-battle with the powers of evil, a stormy, tempestuous career, with no prospect of rest before the long rest of the grave.

The remainder of this St. Andrews business is briefly told : — At the end of fifteen months the castle was taken by the French in the name of the regent ; and the garrison, with John Knox among them, carried off as prisoners to the galleys, thenceforward the greater number of them to disappear from history. Let us look once more at them before they take their leave. They were very young men, some of them under twenty ; but in them, and in that action of theirs, lay the germ of the after Reformation. It was not, as we said, a difference in speculative opinion, like that which now separates sect from sect, which lay at the heart of that great movement ; the Scottish intellect was little given to subtlety, and there was nothing of sect or sectarianism in the matter. But as Cardinal Beaton was the embodiment of everything which was most wicked, tyrannical, and evil in the dominant Catholicism, so the conspiracy of these young men to punish him was the antecedent of the revolt of the entire nation against it, when the pollution of its presence could no longer be borne. They had done their part, and for their reward they were swept away into exile, with prospects sufficiently cheerless. They bore their fortune with something more than fortitude, yet again with no stoic grimness or fierceness ; but, as far as we can follow them, with an easy, resolute cheerfulness. Attempts were made to force them to hear mass, but with poor effect, for their tongues were saucy, and could not be restrained. When the *Salve Regina* was sung on board the galley, the Scotch prisoners clapped on their bonnets. The story of the painted *Regina*, which Knox, or one of them, pitched overboard, is well known. Another story, of which we hear less, is still more striking. They had been at sea all night, and Knox, who was weak and ill, was fainting over his oar in the gray of the morning, when James Balfour, as the sun rose, touched his arm, and, pointing over the water, asked him if he knew where he was. There was the white church-tower, and the white houses, gleaming in the early sunlight, and all which was left standing of the Castle of St. Andrews. "I know it," he answered ; "yes, I know it. I see the steeple of that place where God first opened my mouth in public to his glory, and I shall not depart this life till my tongue again glorify his Name in that place." Most touching, and most beautiful. We need not believe, as some enthusiastic people believed, that there was anything preternatural in such a conviction. Love, faith,

and hope, the great Christian virtues, will account for it. Love kept faith and hope alive in him, and he was sure that the right would prosper, and he hoped that he would live to see it. It is but a poor philosophy which, by comparison of dates and labored evidence that the words were spoken in one year and fulfilled so many years after, would materialize so fine a piece of nature into a barren miracle.

Such were the conspirators of St. Andrews, of whom we now take our leave to follow the fortunes of Knox. He remained in the galleys between three and four years, and was then released at the intercession of the English government. At that time he was, of course, only known to them as one of the party who had been at the castle ; but he was no sooner in England than his value was at once perceived, and employment was found for him. By Edward's own desire he was appointed one of the preachers before the court ; and a London rectory was offered to him, which, however, he was obliged to refuse. England, after all, was not the place for him ; nor the Church of England such as, for political reasons, it was necessary to constitute that church. Indeed, we never properly understood the English character. A church which should seem to have authority, and yet which should be a powerless instrument of the state ; a rule of faith apparently decisive and consistent, and yet so little decisive, and so little consistent, that to Protestants it could speak as Protestant, and to Catholics as Catholic ; which should at once be vague, and yet definite ; diffident, and yet peremptory ; and yet which should satisfy the religious necessities of serious and earnest people ; such a midge-madge as this (as Cecil described it, when, a few years later, it was in the process of reconstruction under his own eyes), suited the genius of the English, but to the reformers of other countries it was a hopeless perplexity. John Knox could never find himself at home in it. The "*tolerabiles ineptiæ*," at which Calvin smiled, to him were not tolerable ; and he shrank from identifying himself with so seemingly unreal a system, by accepting any of its higher offices. The force of his character, however, brought him into constant contact with the ruling powers ; and here the extraordinary faculty which he possessed of seeing into men's characters becomes first conspicuous. At no time of his life, as far as we have means of knowing, was he ever mistaken in the nature of the persons with whom he had to deal ; and he was not less remarkable for the fearlessness with which he would say what he thought of them. If we wish to find the best account of Edward's ministers, we must go to the surviving fragments of Knox's sermons for it, which were preached in

their own presence. His duty as a preacher he supposed to consist, not in delivering homilies against sin in general, but in speaking to this man and to that man, to kings, and queens, and dukes, and earls, of their own sinful acts as they sat below him; and they all quailed before him. We hear much of his power in the pulpit, and this was the secret of it. Never, we suppose, before or since, have the ears of great men grown so hot upon them, or such words been heard in the courts of princes. "I am greatly afraid," he said once, "that Ahitophel is counsellor; and Shebna is scribe, controller, and treasurer." And Ahitophel and Shebna were both listening to his judgment of them; the first in the person of the then omnipotent Duke of Northumberland; and the second in that of Lord Treasurer Paulet, Marquis of Winchester. The force which then must have been in him to have carried such a practice through—he, a poor, homeless, friendless exile, without stay or strength, but what was in his own heart—must have been enormous. Nor is it less remarkable that the men whom he so roughly handled were forced to bear with him. Indeed, they more than bore with him, for the Duke of Northumberland proposed to make him Bishop of Rochester, and had an interview with him on the subject, which, however, led to no conclusion; the duke having to complain that "he had found Mr. Knox neither grateful nor pleasurable;" the meaning of which was, that Knox, knowing that he was a bad, hollow-hearted man, had very uncourteously told him so. But upheld as he was by the personal regard of the young king, his influence was every day increasing, and it was probably in consequence of this that the further developments of Protestantism, which we know to have been in contemplation at the close of Edward's reign, were resolved upon. It is impossible to say how far such measures could have been carried out successfully, but we cannot think that it was for the interest of England that Knox, who had formed his notions of Catholicism from his experience of Scotland, should determine how much or how little of it should be retained in the English polity. Sooner or later it would have involved the country in a civil war, the issue of which, in the critical temper of the rest of Europe, could not have been other than doubtful; and it has been at all times the instinctive tendency of English statesmen to preserve the very utmost of the past which admits of preservation. The *Via Media Anglicana* was a masterpiece of statesmanship, when we consider the emergencies which it was constructed to meet; the very features in it which constitute its imbecility as an enduring establishment, being what especially adapted it to the exigencies of a peculiar

crisis. A better scene for Knox's labors was found at Berwick, where he could keep up his communication with Scotland, and where the character of the English more nearly resembled that of his own people. Here he remained two years, and appealed afterwards, with no little pride, to what he had done in reigning in the fierce and lawless border-thieves, and the soldiers of the English garrison, whose wild life made them almost as rough as the borderers themselves. For the time that he was there, he says himself, there was neither outrage nor license in Berwick. But he had no easy work of it, and whenever in his letters he speaks of his life, he calls it his "battle."

At Berwick, nevertheless, he found but a brief resting-place; and on the death of Edward, and the reestablishment of Catholicism, he had to choose whether he would fly again, or remain and die. He was a man too marked and too dangerous to hope for escape, while as an alien he had no relations in England to be offended by his death. In such a state of things we can scarcely wonder that he hesitated. Life was no pleasant place for him. He saw the whole body of the noblemen and gentlemen of England apostatize without an effort; and the Reformation gone, as it seemed, like a dream—Scotland was wholly French—the queen in Paris, and betrothed to the dauphin; with the persecution of Protestantism in full progress, under the Archbishop of St. Andrews. And though his faith never failed him, the world appeared for a time to be given over to evil; martyrs, he thought, were wanted, "and he could never die in a more noble quarrel;" it was better that he should stay where he was, and "end his battle."

In this purpose, however, he was overruled by his friends, who, "partly by admonition, partly by tears, constrained him to obey, and give place to the fury and rage of Satan." He escaped into France and thence into Germany; and, after various adventures, and persecuted from place to place, he found a welcome and a home at last with Calvin, at Geneva. While in England he had been engaged to the daughter of a Mr. Bowes, a gentleman of family in the north, and with Mrs. Bowes, the mother, he now kept up a constant correspondence. These letters are the most complete exhibition of the real nature of Knox which remain to us. We cannot say what general readers will think of them. It will depend upon their notions of what human life is, and what the meaning is of their being placed in this world. It might be thought, that, flying for his life into a strange country, without friends and without money, he would say something, in writing to the mother of his intended wife, of the way in which he had fared. She, too, we might

fancy, would be glad to know that he was not starving; or, if he was, to know even that, in order that she might contrive some means of helping him. And afterwards, when he had found employment and a home at Geneva, we look for something about his prospects in life, his probable means of maintaining a family, and so on. To any one of ourselves in such a position, these things would be at least of some importance; but they were of none either to him or to his correspondent. The business of life, as they understood it, was to overcome the evil which they found in themselves; and their letters are mutual confessions of short-comings and temptations. When Knox thinks of England, it is not to regret his friends or his comforts there, but only to reproach himself for neglected opportunities:—

"Some will ask," he writes, "why I did flee—assuredly I cannot tell—but of one thing I am sure, that the fear of death was not the cause of my fleeing. My prayer is that I may be restored to the battle again."

It would not be thought that, after he had dared the anger of the Duke of Northumberland, he could be accused of want of boldness or plainness of speech, and yet, in his own judgment of himself he had been a mere coward:—

This day my conscience accuseth me that I spake not so plainly as my duty was to have done, for I ought to have said to the wicked man expressly by his name, thou shalt die the death; for I find Jeremiah the prophet to have done so, and not only he, but also Elijah, Elisha, Micah, Amos, Daniel, Christ Jesus himself. I accuse none but myself; the love that I did bear to this my wicked carcass, was the chief cause that I was not faithful or fervent enough in that behalf. I had no will to provoke the hatred of men. I would not be seen to proclaim manifest war against the manifest wicked, whereof unfeignedly I ask my God mercy. . . . And besides this, I was assaulted, yea, infected and corrupted with more gross sins—that is, my wicked nature desired the favor, the estimation, the praise of men. Against which albeit that some time the Spirit of God did move me to fight, and earnestly did stir me—God knoweth I lie not—to sob and lament for those imperfections, yet never ceased they to trouble me, and so privily and craftily that I could not perceive myself to be wounded till vainglory had almost gotten the upper hand.

And again, with still more searching self-proof:—

I have sometimes been in that security that I felt not dolor for sin, neither yet displeasure against myself for any iniquity in which I did offend; but rather my vain heart did then flatter myself (I write the truth to my own confusion)—thou hast suffered great trouble for

professing Christ's truth; God has done great things for thee, delivering thee from that most cruel bondage. He has placed thee in a most honorable vocation, and thy labors are not without fruit; therefore thou oughtest to rejoice and give praises to God. O, mother, this was a subtle serpent who could thus pour in venom, I not perceiving it.

God help us all, we say, if this is sin. And yet, if we think of it, is not such self-abnegation the one indispensable necessity for all men, and most of all for a reformer of the world, if his reformation is to be anything except a change of one evil for a worse? Who can judge others who has not judged himself? or who can judge for others while his own small self remains at the bottom of his heart, as the object for which he is mainly concerned? For a reformer there is no sin more fatal; and unless, like St. Paul, he can be glad, if necessary, to be made even "anathema for his brethren," he had better leave reforming alone.

The years which Knox spent at Geneva were, probably, the happiest in his life. Essentially a peace-loving man, as all good men are, he found himself, for the first time, in a sound and wholesome atmosphere. Mrs. Bowes and her daughter, after a time, were able to join him there; and, with a quiet congregation to attend to, and with Calvin for a friend, there was nothing left for him to desire which such a man as he could expect life to yield. "The Geneva Church," he said, "is the most perfect school of Christ that ever was on earth since the days of the apostles." And let us observe his reason for saying so. "In other places," he adds, "I confess Christ to be truly preached, but *manners* and religion so sincerely reformed I have not yet seen in any other place besides." He could have been well contented to have lived out his life at Geneva; as, long after, he looked wistfully back to it, and longed to return and die there. But news from Scotland soon disturbed what was but a short breathing-time. The Marian persecution had filled the Lowlands with preachers, and the shifting politics of the time had induced the court to connive at, if not to encourage, them. The queen-mother had manoeuvred the regency into her own hands, but, in doing so, had offended the Hamiltons, who were the most powerful of the Catholic families; and, at the same time, the union of England and Spain had obliged the French court to temporize with the Huguenots. The Catholic vehemence of the Guises was neutralized by the broader sympathies of Henry the Second, who, it was said, "would shake hands with the devil, if he could gain a purpose by it;" and thus, in France, and in Scotland, which was now wholly governed by French influence, the Protestants found everywhere a tempora-

ry respite from ill-usage. It was a short-lived anomaly; but in Scotland it lasted long enough to turn the scale, and give them an advantage which was never lost again.

At the end of 1555, John Knox ventured to reappear there; and the seed which had been scattered eight years before, he found growing over all the Lowlands. The noble lords now came about him; the old Earl of Argyle, Lord James Stuart, better known after as Earl of Murray, Lord Glencairn, the Erskines, and many others. It was no longer the poor commons and the towns-people; the whole nation appeared to be moving; much latent scepticism, no doubt, being quickened into conversion by the prospect of a share in the abbey-lands; but with abundance of real earnestness as well, which taught Knox what might really be hoped for. Knox himself, to whom, with an unconscious unanimity, they all looked for guidance, proceeded at once to organize them into form, and, as a first step, proposed that an oath should be taken by all who called themselves Protestants, never any more to attend the mass. So serious a step could not be taken without provoking notice; the Hamiltons patched up their differences with the regent on the spot, and Knox was summoned before the Bishops' Court at Edinburgh to answer for himself. It was just ten years since they had caught Wishart and burnt him; but things were changed now, and when Knox appeared in Edinburgh he was followed by a retinue of hundreds of armed gentlemen and noblemen. The bishops shrank from a collision, and did not prefer their charge; and, on the day which had been fixed for his trial, he preached in Edinburgh to the largest Protestant concourse which had ever assembled there. He was not courting rebellion, but so large a majority of the population of Scotland were now on the reforming side, that he felt—and who does not feel with him?—that, in a free country, the lawful rights of the people in a matter touching what they conceived to be their most sacred duty were not to be set aside and trampled upon any more by an illegal and tyrannical power. In the name of the people he now drew up his celebrated petition to the queen regent, begging to be heard in his defence, protesting against the existing ecclesiastical system, and the wickedness which had been engendered by it. It was written firmly but respectfully, and the regent would have acted more wisely if she had considered longer the answer which she made to it. She ran her eye over the pages, and turning to the Archbishop of Glasgow, who was standing near her, she tossed it into his hands, saying, "Will it please you, my lord, to read a pasquill?"

"Madam," wrote Knox, when he heard of it, "if ye no more esteem the admonition of God, nor

the cardinals do the scoffing of pasquills, then He shall shortly send you messengers with whom ye shall not be able in that manner to jest."

It is the constant misfortune of governments that they are never able to distinguish the movements of just national anger from the stir of superficial discontent. The sailor knows what to look for when the air is moaning in the shrouds; the fisherman sees the coming tempest in the heaving of the under-roll; but governments can never read the signs of the times, though they are written in fire before their eyes. For the present it was thought better that Knox should leave Scotland, while his friends in the mean time organized themselves more firmly. To a grave and serious people civil war is the most desperate of remedies, and by his remaining at this moment it would have been inevitably precipitated. He was no sooner gone than the Archbishop of St. Andrews again summoned him. He was condemned in his absence, and burnt in effigy the next day at the market cross. But the people were no longer in the old mood of submission, and to this bonfire they replied with another. "The great idol" of Edinburgh, St. Giles, vanished off his perch in the rood-loft of the High Church, and, after a plunge in the North Loch, the next day was a heap of ashes. The offenders were not forthcoming, and not to be found; and the regent, in high anger, summoned the preachers to answer for them. To secure herself against being a second time baffled as she had been before, by the interference of the people, she put out a proclamation that all persons who had come to Edinburgh without authority should forthwith depart from it. It so happened that "certain faithful of the west," some of Lord Argyle's men, probably, were in the town. They had come in at the news that the preachers were to be tried, and the meaning of this proclamation was perfectly clear to them; so, by way of reply to it, they assembled together, forced their way into the presence-chamber, where the queen was in council with the bishops, to complain of such strange entertainment; and not getting such an answer as they desired, one of them said to her, "Madam, we know this is the malice and device of those jefwellis and of that bastard (the Archbishop of St. Andrews) that stands by you; we vow to God we shall make a day of it. They oppress us and our tenants for feeding of their idle bellies. They trouble us and our preachers, and would murder them, and us. Shall we suffer this any more? Nay, madam, it shall not be." "And therewith every man put on his steel bonnet."

When ruling powers have to listen to language like this, and answer steel bonnets with smooth speeches and concessions, the one

thing left for such rulers is to take themselves away with as much rapidity as they can, for rule they neither do nor can. At this time almost the whole of the nobility, for honest or dishonest reasons, were on the reforming side. The church, unluckily for itself, was rich; they were poor; and if some of them had no sympathy with Protestantism, they had also ceased to believe that any service which Catholicism could do for them entitled it to half the land in Scotland. It was, consequently, with little or no effect that the bishops now appealed for protection to the nobles. The Archbishop of St. Andrews sent a long remonstrance to Lord Argyle for maintaining a reforming preacher. "He preaches against idolatry," Lord Argyle answered coldly. "I remit it to your lordship's conscience if that be heresy. He preaches against adultery and fornication. I remit that to your lordship's conscience." And the archbishop's connexion with Lady Gilton being somewhat notorious, it was difficult for him to meet such an answer.

If the question had been left for Scotland to settle for itself, the solution of it would have been rapid and simple. But the regent knew that sooner or later she might count on the support of France; and she believed, with good reason, that if the real power of France was once brought to bear, such resistance as the Scotch could offer to it would be crushed with little difficulty. The marriage of the young queen with the dauphin, and the subsequent death of Henry, removed the causes which had hitherto prevented her from being supported. The Guises were again omnipotent at Paris, and their ambition, not contented with France and Scotland, extended itself on the death of Mary Tudor to England as well. With the most extravagant notions of England's weakness, and with a belief, which was rather better grounded, that the majority of the people were ill-affected to a Protestant sovereign, they conceived that a French army had only to appear over the border with the flag of Mary Stuart displayed, for the same scenes to be enacted over again as had been witnessed six years before; and that Elizabeth would as easily be shaken from the throne as Jane Grey had been. But the success of the blow might depend upon the speed with which it could be struck; and no time was, therefore, to be lost in bringing Scotland to obedience. Accordingly, under one pretence and another, large bodies of troops were carried over, and the queen regent was instructed to temporize and flatter the Protestants into security, till a sufficient number had been assembled to crush them. It is no slight evidence of their good meaning that they should have allowed themselves to be deceived by her; but deceived they certainly were; and except for

Knox's letters, with which he incessantly urged them to watchfulness, they might have been deceived fatally. But the clear, strong understanding of Knox, far away as he was, saw through the real position of things. There was no one living whose political judgment was more sound than his, and again and again he laid before them their danger and their duty. He saw that the intention was to make Scotland a French province, and how it would fare then with the Reformation was no difficult question.

"God speaketh to your conscience, therefore," he wrote to the lords, "unless ye be dead with the blind world, that you ought to hazard your lives, be it against kings and emperors, for the deliverance of your brethren. For that cause are ye called princes of the people, and receive of your brethren honor, tribute, and homage — not by reason of your birth and progeny, as most part of men falsely do suppose, but by reason of your office and duty, which is to vindicate and deliver your subjects and brethren from all violence and oppression to the uttermost of your power."

In the mean time the church, as a prelude to the energetic measures which were in contemplation, thought it decent to attempt some sort of a reformation within itself. We smile as we look through the articles which were resolved upon by the episcopal conclave. They proposed, we presume, to proceed with moderation, and content themselves with doing a little at a time. No person in future was to hold an ecclesiastical benefice except a priest, such benefices having hitherto furnished a convenient maintenance for illegitimate children. *No kirkman was to nourish his bairn in his own company, but every one was to hold the children of others.* And such bairn was in no case to succeed his father in his benefice. The *naïveté* of these resolutions disarms our indignation, but we shall scarcely wonder any more at the rise or the spread of Protestantism. On the strength of them, however, or rather on the strength of the French troops, they were now determined to go on with the persecution; Walter Milne, an old man of eighty, was seized and burnt; and although the queen regent affected to deplore the bishops' severity, no one doubted that either she herself or the queen in Paris had directed them to proceed.

Now, therefore, or never, the struggle was to be. Knox left Geneva, with Calvin's blessing, for a country where he was under sentence of death, and where his appearance would be the signal either for the execution of it or for war. Civil war it could scarcely be called — it would be a war of the Scottish nation against their sovereign supported by a foreign army; but even so, no one knew better than he that armed resistance to a sovereign was the last remedy to which subjects

ought to have recourse — a remedy which they are only justified in seeking when to obey man is to disobey God ; or, to use more human language, when it is no longer possible for them to submit to their sovereign without sacrificing the highest interests of life. However, such a time he felt was now come. After the specimen which the Catholics had given of their notion of a reformation, to leave the religious teaching of an earnest people in their hands was scarcely better than leaving it to the devil ; and if it was impossible to wrest it from them except by rebellion, the crime would lie at the door of those who had made rebellion necessary. Crime, indeed, there always is at such times ; and treason is not against persons, but against the law of right and justice. If it be treason to resist the authority except in the last extremity, yet, when such extremity has arisen, it has arisen through the treason of the authority itself ; and, therefore, bad princes, who have obliged their subjects to dispose them, are justly punished with the extremest penalties of human justice. That is the naked statement of the law, however widely it may be necessary to qualify it, in its application to life.

On the 2nd of May, 1559, Knox landed in Scotland ; crossing over, by a curious coincidence, in the same ship which brought in the new great seal of the kingdom, with the arms of England quartered upon it. The moment was a critical one ; for the preachers were all assembled at Perth preparatory to appearing at Stirling on the 10th of the same month, where they were to answer for their lives. Lord Glencairn had reminded the regent of her many promises of toleration ; and, throwing away the mask at last, she had haughtily answered, that " it became not subjects to burden their princes with promises further than as it pleased them to keep the same." The moment was come she believed when she could crush them altogether, and crush them she would. As soon as the arrival of Knox was known, a price was set upon his head ; but he determined to join his brother ministers on the spot and share their fortune. He hurried to Perth, where Lord Glencairn and a few other gentlemen had by that time collected to protect them with some thousand armed followers. The other noblemen were distracted, hesitating, uncertain. Lord James Stuart, and young Lord Argyre, were still with the queen regent ; so even was Lord Ruthven, remaining loyal to the last possible moment, and still hoping that the storm might blow over. And the regent still trifled with their credulity as long as they would allow her to impose upon it. Pretending to be afraid of a tumult, she used their influence to prevail upon the preachers to remain where they were, and not to appear on the day

fixed for their trial ; and the preachers, acting as they were advised, found themselves outlawed for contumacy. It was on a Sunday that the news was brought them of this proceeding, and the people of Perth, being many of them Protestants, Knox, by the general voice, was called upon to preach. Let us pause for a few moments to look at him. He was now fifty-four years old, undersized, but strongly and nervously formed, and with a long beard falling down to his waist. His features were of the pure Scotch cast ; the high cheek-bone, arched but massive eyebrow, and broad under-jaw ; with long, full eyes, the *steadiness* of which, if we can trust the pictures of him, must have been painful for a man of weak nerves to look at. The mouth free, the lips slightly parted with the incessant play upon them of that deep power which is properly the sum of all the moral powers of man's nature — the power which we call humor, when it is dealing with venial weakness, and which is bitterest irony and deepest scorn and hatred for wickedness and lies. The general expression is one of repose, but like the repose of the limbs of the Hercules, with a giant's strength traced upon every line of it. Such was the man who was called to fill the pulpit of the High Church of Perth on the 11th of May, 1559. Of the power of his preaching we have many testimonies, that of Randolph, the English ambassador, being the most terse and striking ; that " it stirred his heart more than six hundred trumpets braying in his ears." The subject on this occasion was the one all-comprehensive "*mass*," the idolatry of it ; and the good people of Perth, never having heard his voice before, we can understand did not readily disperse when he had done. They would naturally form into groups, compare notes and impressions, and hang a long time about the church before leaving it. In the disorder of the town the same church served, it seems, for sermon and for mass ; when the first was over the other took its turn ; and, as Knox had been longer than the priest expected, the latter came in and opened the tabernacle before the congregation were gone. An eager-hearted boy, who had been listening to Knox with all his ears, and was possessed by what he had heard, cried out, when he saw it, " This is intolerable, that when God has plainly damned idolatry we shall stand by and see it used in despite." The priest in a rage turned and struck him, his temper naturally being at the moment none of the sweetest ; and the boy, as boys sometimes do on such occasions, flung a stone at him in return. Missing the priest, he hit the tabernacle, and " did break an image." A small spark is enough when the ground is strewed with gunpowder. In a few moments the whole machinery of the ritual, candles, taper-

nacle, vestments, crucifixes, images, were scattered to all the winds. The fire burnt the faster for the fuel, and from the church the mob poured away to the monasteries in the town. No lives were lost, but before evening they were gutted and in ruins. The endurance of centuries had suddenly given way, and the anger, which for all these years had been accumulating, rushed out like some great reservoir which has burst its embankment, and swept everything before it. To the Protestant leaders this ebullition of a mob, "the rascal multitude," as even Knox calls it, was as unwelcome as it was welcome to the queen regent. She swore that "she would cut off from Perth man, woman, and child; that she would drive a plough over it and sow it with salt;" and she at once marched upon the town to put her threat in execution. The lords met in haste to determine what they should do, but were unable to determine anything; and only Lord Glencairn was bold enough to risk the obloquy of being charged with countenancing sedition. When he found himself alone in the assembly, he declared, that "albeit never a man accompanied him, he would stay with the brethren, for he had rather die with that company than live after them." But his example was not followed; all the others thought it better to remain with the regent, and endeavor, though once already so bitterly deceived by her, to mediate and temporize.

The towns-people in the mean time had determined to resist to the last extremity, and the regent was rapidly approaching. With a most creditable anxiety to prevent bloodshed, Lord James Stuart and Lord Argyle prevailed on the burgesses to name the conditions on which they would surrender, and when the latter had consented to do so, if the queen would grant an amnesty for the riot, and would engage that Perth should not be obliged to receive a French garrison, they hurried to lay these terms before her. The regent had no objection to purchase a bloodless victory with a promise which she had no intention of observing. Perth opened its gates; and, marching in at the head of her troops, she deliberately violated every article to which she had bound herself. The French soldiers passing along the High Street fired upon the house of an obnoxious citizen, and killed one of his children; and with an impolitic parade of perfidy the princess replied only to the complaints of the people, that "she was sorry it was the child and not the father," and she left the offending soldiers as the garrison of the town. Her falsehood was as imprudent as it was abominable. The two noblemen withdrew indignantly from the court, declaring formally that they would not support her in "such manifest tyranny;" and, joining themselves openly to Knox, they hastened

with him to St. Andrews, where they were presently joined by Lord Ochiltree and Lord Glencairn, and from thence sent out a hasty circular, inviting the gentlemen and lords of Scotland to assemble for the defence of the kingdom. It was still uncertain what support they might expect, and before any support had actually arrived, when Knox hastened to realize the conviction which long ago he had expressed on board the French galley, and to "glorify God" in the pulpit of the church where "God had first opened his voice." If he had superstitious feelings on the matter we cannot quarrel with him for them; and although it was at the risk of his life (for a detachment of the French were at Falkland, only twelve miles distant, and the archbishop had sent a message to the lords, "that in case the said John presented himself to the preaching place in his town, he should gar him be saluted with a dozen culverins, whereof the most part should light on his nose"), yet at such a time the boldest policy is always the soundest, and he refused to listen to the remonstrances of his friends. "To delay to preach to-morrow," he said the evening before the day fixed, "unless the body be violently withholden, I cannot of conscience. For in this town and kirk began God first to call me to the dignity of a preacher, and this I cannot conceal, which more than one heard me say when the body was far absent from Scotland, that my assured hope was to preach in St. Andrews before I departed this life." He went straightforward; he preached as he had done at Perth, and with a still more serious effect, for the town council immediately after the sermon voted the abolition of "all monuments of idolatry." The circumstance of the prophecy, and still more the circumstance of their previous knowledge of him, his present position as an outlaw with a price upon his head, the threats of the archbishop, with the doubt whether he would attempt to put them in force; all these, added to the power of Knox's own thunder, explain the precipitancy of the resolutions in the excitement which they must have produced; and the resolutions themselves were immediately carried into effect. *Some one to go first* is half the battle of a revolution; and with such a leader as Knox it is easy to find followers. By the time the regent's troops were under the walls so many thousand knights, gentlemen and citizens, were in arms to receive them, that they shrunk back without venturing a blow, and retired within their intrenchments; and thus within six short weeks, for it was no more since Knox landed, the Reformers were left masters of the field, conquerors in an armed revolt which had not cost a single life of themselves or of their enemies, so overwhelming was the force which the appear-

ance of this one man had summoned into action. We require no better witness of the prostration of the Catholic faith in Scotland, or of the paralysis into which it had sunk.

"And now," wrote Knox to a friend, "the long thirst of my wretched heart is satisfied in abundance. Forty days and more hath my God used my tongue in my native country to the manifestation of His glory. Whatsoever now shall follow as touching my own carcass, His holy name be praised."

The rest of the summer the queen regent was obliged to remain a passive spectator of a burst of popular feeling with which, as long as it was at its height, her power was wholly inadequate to cope, and which she was forced to leave to work its will, till it cooled of itself. . . . That it would and must cool sooner or later, a less shrewd person than Mary of Guise could foresee: feeling of all kinds is in nature transient and exhausting, and the goodness of a cause will not prevent enthusiasm from flagging, or unpaid and unsupported armies from disintegrating. Her turn, therefore, she might safely calculate would come at last; and, in the mean time, there was nothing for it but to sit still, while, by a simultaneous movement over the entire Lowlands, the images were destroyed in the churches, and the monasteries laid in ruins. Not a life was lost, not a person was injured, no private revenge was gratified in the confusion, no private greediness took opportunity to pilfer. Only the entire material of the old faith was washed clean away.

This passionate iconoclasm has been alternately the glory and the reproach of John Knox, who has been considered alike by friends and enemies the author of it. For the purification of the churches there is no doubt that he was responsible to the full, whatever the responsibility may be which attaches to it—but the destruction of the religious houses was the spontaneous work of the people, which in the outset he looked upon with mere sorrow and indignation. Like Latimer in England, he had hoped to preserve them for purposes of education and charity; and it was only after a warning which sounded in his ears as if it came from heaven, that he stood aloof, and let the popular anger have its way; they had been nests of profligacy for ages; the earth was weary of their presence upon it; and when the retribution fell, it was not for him to arrest or interfere with it. Seone Abbey, the residence of the Bishop of Murray, was infamous, even in that infamous time, for the vices of its occupants; and the bishop himself having been active in the burning of Walter Milne, had thus provoked and deserved the general hatred. After the French garrison was driven out of Perth, he was in-

vited to appear at the conference of the lords, but, unwilling or afraid to come forward, he blockaded himself in the abbey. A slight thing is enough to give the first impulse to a stone which is ready to fall; the towns-people of Perth and Dundee, having long scores to settle with him and with the brotherhood, caught at the opportunity, and poured out and surrounded him. John Knox, with the provost of Perth and what force they could muster, hurried to the scene to prevent violence, and for a time succeeded; Knox himself we find keeping guard all one night at the granary door; but the mob did not disperse; and prowling ominously round the walls, in default of other weapons, made free use of their tongues. From sharp words to sharp strokes is an almost inevitable transition on such occasions. In the gray of the morning, a son of the bishop ran an artisan of Dundee through the body, and in an instant the entire mass of people dashed upon the gates. The hour of Seone was come. Knox was lifted gently on one side, and in a few minutes the abbey was in a blaze. As he stood watching the destruction, "a poor aged matron," he tells us, "who was near him, seeing the flame of fire pass up so mightily, and perceiving that many were theret offended, in plain and sober manner of speaking said, 'Now I perceive that God's judgments are just, and that no man is able to save when he will punish. Since my remembrance, this place has been nothing but a den of whoremongers. It is incredible to believe how many wives have been adulterated and virgins deflowered by the filthy beasts which have been fostered in this den, but especially by that wicked man who is called the bishop. If all men knew as much as I, they would praise God, and no man would be offended.'"

Such was the first burst of the Reformation in Scotland; we need not follow the course of it. It was the rising up of a nation, as we have said, against the wickedness which had taken possession of the holiest things and holiest places, to declare in the name of God that such a spectacle should no longer be endured. Of the doctrines of Scotch Protestantism, meaning by that the speculative scheme of Christianity which was held and taught by Knox and the other ministers, we say but little, regarding it as by no means the thing of chiefest importance. Formal theology at its best is no more than a language—an expression in words of mysteries which the mind of man can never adequately comprehend, and is, therefore, like all other human creations, liable to continual change. In Knox's own words, "All worldly strength, yea, even in things spiritual, doth decay;" and all languages become in time dead languages, and the meaning of them is only artificially preserved among us. Religion, as these Reform-

ers understood it (and as all religious men understand it, whatever be their language), meant this, that the business of man upon earth was to serve Almighty God, not with forms and words, but with an obedient life, to hate all sin, impurity, hypocrisy, and falsehood; and whatever Protestantism may have become after three centuries of establishment, Protestantism at its outset meant a return to this, from formalism, the mother of all wickedness. It were a poor conception, indeed, that so great a quarrel was for the truth or falsehood of a speculative system of theology. Then, indeed, the world gained little by the change; for, if Calvinism was once a motive power to holiness, so, too, was once the mass itself; and if the mass became an idol and a cause of confusion and sin, by a process exactly analogous, the theory of vicarious righteousness may now be found in the Welsh valleys producing an identical result. So it is, and so it always will be, as long as any special virtue is supposed to reside in formal outward act, or formal inward theory, irrespective of purity of heart and manliness of life.

The details of the war which followed need not concern us here. The French were reinforced; the Protestants, as had been foreseen, broke in pieces at the beginning of the winter; and, reverse following on reverse, there was soon as much despondency as there had been enthusiasm, and they were driven in the end to throw themselves on the protection of Elizabeth, which she was, only with the utmost difficulty, prevailed upon to consent to extend to them. Her English love of order was outraged by their turbulence. Her despotic Tudor blood could not endure the rising of subjects against their sovereign; and, though she *knew* that the right was on their side, it was less easy for her to *feel* it. Knox himself, by his unfortunate "Blast against the Regimen of Women," had made himself personally odious to her; and though she could hardly have failed to see his merit, yet his character would, under no circumstances, have attracted her affection. Nor had he any skill to deal with such a temper as hers. The diplomatic correspondence with England fell to his conduct; and he began it with a justification of his book, which, right or wrong, he had much better have passed over; he told her that she was to consider herself an exception to a rule, that she reigned by the choice of God, and not by right of inheritance; and he could not have touched a nerve on which she was more sensitive, or challenged a right of which she was more jealous. Nor did Cecil fare any better than his mistress. To him he commenced with rebukes for his "horrible apostasy" in having conformed, under Mary, to the Romish ritual. He was unable to understand the difference in

the circumstances of the two kingdoms, or in the characters of the two nations. Cecil was an Englishman — it is at once the explanation of, and the apology for, his conduct; but to Knox it was neither the one nor the other. He could only conceive of the mass as the service of the devil; and the "adiaphorism" of the English was to him no better than atheism. Elizabeth took no notice of the letter to herself; Cecil answered him for her as well as for himself, with quiet and well-timed humor. "*Non est masculus neque femina*," he wrote, "*omnes enim ut ait Paulus unum sumus in Christo Jesu. Benedictus vir qui confidit in Domino; et erit Dominus fiducia ejus.*" He knew, and the queen knew, however difficult she found it to make the acknowledgment to herself, that the French must not be allowed to triumph in Scotland; and as soon as it became clear that the Protestants could not maintain themselves without assistance, it was freely and effectively given.

And now we pass on to the meeting of the estates and the settlement of the new kirk constitution. Mary of Guise was dead; the French were finally driven out, and the Queen of Scotland had been so identified with them, that, on their defeat, she was left without authority or influence in the country. The estates met as an independent and irresponsible body to act for themselves as they should think good; and the French commissioners had engaged on behalf of the titular queen that she would ratify whatever they should resolve upon. The session opened with a national thanksgiving; and, considering how vast a victory had been gained, and how "manifestly," as Knox conceived, God had fought for the movement, it was natural that he should be sanguine in his expectation of what would now be done by a grateful people. In the enormous revenue of the church he saw a magnificent material, not to salary the new kirk ministers, but to found schools and universities, to endow hospitals and almshouses; in his own broad language, he called it restoring the temple; and perhaps for the moment he allowed himself to believe that the noble lords of Scotland were as enthusiastic for the good of the people as he was himself. But it was one thing to win the victory, and another to divide the spoil. "Heh, then," said young Maitland of Lethington, "we must forget ourselves now; we mun' bear the barrow, and build the house of the Lord." Not quite. The ministers should have sufficient stipend, but for the rest they would consider. Nor was this the only disappointment. We have seen that what Knox had chiefly valued in the Genevan reformation was the discipline of morals, which was established along with it. A serious attempt had been made by Calvin to treat sins as civil crimes, to graduate all punishments

indicted by the law, according to the scale of moral culpability; and he had succeeded apparently so well, that the example was pressed upon Scotland; and a body of laws was drawn up by Knox, known commonly by the name of the First Book of Discipline, and offered to the private consideration of the lords. So many of them at first subscribed their names to it, that it was formally submitted to debate. But, as Maitland again observed, they had subscribed most of them "in *fide parentum*, as children were baptized;" and "certain persons," Knox tells us, "perceiving their carnal liberty to be somewhat impaired thereby, grudged; inasmuch that the name of the Book of Discipline became odious to them. Everything which repugned to their corrupt affections was termed in their mockage, 'Devout Imaginations.'"* And yet if there were partial failures, when we consider the necessary imperfection inherent in all human things, and when we remember that the work which actually was done by the estates was the extemporizing in a few weeks a new ecclesiastical, and, in many respects, civil constitution for an entire kingdom, we shall not be disposed to complain of them. It was roughly done, but done sternly and strongly, and the substantial evils were swept utterly away. Of the "Devout Imaginations," so much was actually realized, that laws were passed, with punishments annexed to them, against adultery, fornication, and drunkenness, while the mass was prohibited forever, under penalty, for the first offence, of confiscation; for the second, of banishment; for the third, of death.

O! intolerance without excuse! exclaim the modern Liberals; themselves barely emancipated from persecution, the first act of these Protestants is to retaliate with the same odious cruelty; clamoring for the liberty of conscience, they do but supersede one tyranny by another, more narrow and exclusive, &c. This, at bottom, we believe, is the most grievous of all Knox's offences, the one sin never to be forgiven by the enlightened mind of the nineteenth century. Let us see what can be said about it. We do not look for the explanation, with some modern apologists, in the want of reciprocity on the part of the Catho-

lics, in the impossibility of tolerating a creed which is in itself intolerant. In England, the mass was forbidden because it was identified with civil disaffection. In Scotland, it was forbidden because it was supposed to be idolatry, and so to be forbidden by God; the Bible was positive and peremptory; and the Bible was accepted, *bona fide*, as the guide of life. The fact is, toleration, in the modern sense, is a phenomenon of modern growth, and the result of a condition of things of very recent existence. We have no toleration for what we believe to be evil, or for what plainly and obviously leads to evil; God forbid that we should. But as we look round among the sects into which we are divided, and see that good and evil are very equally distributed among us, we learn to speak of our speculative differences, no longer as matters of conscience, but merely as differences of opinion, which do not touch the conscience at all. We experience, as matter of fact, that the holding of this or that opinion is no obstacle to an adequate discharge of public and private duty; that a man may be a Catholic, a Protestant, a Socinian, or a Jew, and yet be an honest man and a good citizen; and we cannot permit the persecution of speculations of which moral evil is not a visible result. This is what we mean by toleration, and three centuries ago it could not exist, because the reason for it did not exist. In England, a Catholic *could not* be a good citizen; in Scotland, he *was* not an honest man. The products of Catholicism there, as the experience of centuries proved, were nothing better than hypocrisy and licentiousness; and, finding in the Bible that "the idolater should die the death," and finding the mass producing the exact fruits which the same Bible connected with idolatry, the Scotch Reformers could as little tolerate Catholics as they could tolerate thieves or murderers. We are, therefore, inclined to dismiss this outcry of intolerance as meaningless and foolish. In the absolute prohibition of the mass lay, when rightly understood, the heart of the entire movement; and, in the surrender of this one point, as they soon experienced to their sorrow, they lost all which they had gained.

So then, in spite of the Maitlands and the Erskines, and the other spoilers of church property, Knox could find matter enough for exultation. "What adulterer," he asks, triumphantly, "what fornicator, what known mass-monger, or pestilent papist, durst have been seen in public in any Reformed town within this realm before that the queen arrived!" Work greater than this was never achieved by reformers on the earth. We may well wonder that the arrival of a young lady, hardly twenty years old, should have been able to disintegrate it. We have seen Knox in conflict with many forms of evil; he had

* This well-known expression has been placed by Sir Walter Scott in the mouth of the Earl of Murray. If the mistake were ever so insignificant it would be worth correcting; and it is therefore as well to say that Knox himself is the only authority for the words, and that the description which he gives of the speaker as little agrees with the opinion which he elsewhere expresses of Murray as the words themselves with Murray's general character. There is no evidence, either positive or probable, in favor of Scott's conjecture—if, indeed, it was a conjecture at all, and was more than carelessness.

now to contend with it under one more aspect, the last, but most dangerous of all.

But one year had passed since Mary Stuart had been queen of France as well as of Scotland, and self-elected queen of England, with the full power of a mighty nation preparing to enforce her right; and now she was coming to her own poor inheritance a lonely widow, at the moment when it was flushed with a successful revolt, her influence in France lying buried in her husband's grave, and her claim to England disavowed in her name by her own commissioners; and yet, feeble as she seemed, she was returning with a determined purpose to undo all that had been done; to overthrow the Reformation, to overthrow Elizabeth, and, on the throne of two kingdoms, lay them both as an offering before the Pope. Elsewhere, in this "Review," we have given our opinion of this remarkable woman, and she will only appear before us here in her relation with the Reformers; but the more we examine her history, the more cause we find to wonder at her; and, deep as were her crimes, her skill, her enterprise, her iron and dauntless resolution, almost tempt us to forget them.

She never doubted her success; she knew the spell which would enchant the fierce nobles of her country. There was but one man whom, on the eve of her setting out, she confessed that she feared, and that was Knox. He alone, she knew, would be proof against her Armida genius, and if she could once destroy him, she could carry all before her. Nor had she either misjudged her subjects or overrated her own power. Before she had been three years at home, she had organized a powerful party, that were wholly devoted to her. She had broken the Protestant league, and scattered disaffection and distrust among its members. Murray had quarrelled with Knox for her. Argyle was entangled with the Irish rebels. The mass was openly reestablished through town and country; and, while the Reformation was melting like snow all over Scotland, the northern English counties were ready, at a signal, to rise in arms against Elizabeth.

The self-restraint which she practised upon herself in order to effect all this is as remarkable as the effect itself which she produced. She pretended, at her return, that all she desired was the love of her subjects. She would govern as they wished, and do what they wished. For her religion she could not immediately answer; she had been brought up a Catholic, and she could not change her faith like a dress; but she had no thought of interfering with them; and, in return, she modestly requested, what it seemed as if she might have demanded as a right, that for the present she should be allowed the private exercise of the religion of her fathers. How

was it possible to refuse a petition so humble? urged, too, as it was, in the name of conscience by lips so beautiful. Honor, courtesy, loyalty, every knightly feeling forbade it. What was there in a single mass, that the sour ministers, with Knox at the head of them, should make such a noise about it? Even Murray was the warmest advocate for yielding. Scotland, he said, would be disgraced forever if she was driven away from it on such a plea. It would only be for a little while, and time and persuasion, and, above all, the power of the truth, would not fail to do their work upon a mind so tender and so gentle.

And yet, as Knox knew well, a conviction which courtesy could influence, was no longer a sacred one; and to concede a permission to do what the law declared to be a crime, was to condemn the law itself as unjust and tyrannous. "That one mass," he said, "was more fearful to him than the landing of ten thousand men;" he knew, and Mary knew too, that to grant her that one step was to give up the game, and that on the mere ground of political expediency to yield on that point was suicide.

Here is a picture of the way in which things went. At a distance from Holyrood the truth had a better chance of being felt, and the noblemen who were in the country hurried up, "wondrously offended," when they heard of this mass, to know what it meant:—

So that every man, as he came up, accused them that were before him; but after they had remained a space, they were as quiet as the former; which thing perceived, a zealous and godly man, Robert Campbell, of Kingancleugh, said to Lord Ochiltree, "My lord, now ye are come, and almost the last, and I perceive by your anger the fire edge is not off you; but I fear that, after the holy water of the court be sprinkled upon you, that ye shall become as temperate here as the rest. I have been here now five days, and I heard every man say at the first, Let us hang the priest; but after they had been twice or thrice in the Abbey, all that fervency passed. I think there is some enchantment whereby men are bewitched."

The queen lost no time in measuring her strength against Knox, and looking her real enemy in the face. A week after her landing, she sent for him; and the first of those interviews took place in which he is said to have behaved so brutally. Violence was not her policy; she affected only a wish to see the man of whom she had heard so much, and her brother was present as a blind. We confess ourselves unable to discover the supposed brutality. Knox for many years had been the companion of great lords and princes; his manner, if that is important, had all the calmness and self-possession which we mean by the word high-breeding; and unless it be

the duty of a subject to pretend to agree with his sovereign, whether he really agrees or not, it is difficult to know how he could have conducted himself otherwise than he did. She accused him of disaffection towards her. He said that she should find him dutiful and obedient wherever his conscience would allow him. She complained of the exception, and talked in the Stuart style of the obligation of subjects. He answered by instancing the Jews under the Babylonian princes, and the early Christians under the emperors:—

"But they resisted not with the sword," she said.

"God, madam," he replied, "had not given them the means."

"Then, you think subjects having power may resist their princes," she said.

"If the princes exceed their bounds, madam," was his answer, "and do against that wherefore they should be obeyed, there is no doubt that they may be resisted even by force. For there is neither greater honor nor greater obedience to be given to kings or princes than God has commanded to be given to fathers and mothers; but so it is that the father may be stricken with a frenzy, in the which he would slay his own children. Now, madam, if the children arise, join themselves together, apprehend the father, take the sword and other weapons from him, and, finally, bind his hands, and keep him in prison till that his frenzy be overpast—think ye, madam, that the children do any wrong? It is even so with princes that would murder the children of God that are subject unto them. Their blind zeal is nothing but a mad frenzy, and therefore to take the sword from them, to bind their hands and to cast them into prison, till that they be brought to a more sober mind, is no disobedience against princes, but just obedience, because that it agreeth with the will of God."

He had touched the heart of the matter; the queen "stood as it were amazed," and said nothing for a quarter of an hour. But is there anything disrespectful in this! Surely it was very good advice, which would have saved her life if she had followed it; and for the manner, it would have been more disrespectful if, because he was speaking to a woman, he had diluted his solemn convictions with soft and unmeaning phrases. "He is not afraid," some of the courtiers whispered as he passed out. "Why," he answered, "should the pleasing face of a gentle-woman fear me? I have looked in the faces of many angry men, and have not been afraid above measure." Dr. M'Crie has spoilt this by inventing "a sarcastic scowl" for him on this occasion. Men like Knox do not "scowl sarcastically," except in novels, and Dr. M'Crie was forgetting himself. We can only conjecture what the queen thought of Knox. Tears, as we know, were her resource, and we have heard enough and too much of these; but they answered their purpose with her

brother. "Mr. Knox hath spoken with the queen," Randolph writes to Cecil, "and he made her weep, as well you know there be of that sex that will do that for anger as for grief; though in this the Lord James will disagree with me." Of her, Knox said on the day of the interview, "In communication with her I espied such craft, as I have not found in such age. If there be not in her a proud mind, a crafty wit, and an indurate heart against God and against his truth, my judgment faileth me." But, for the time, he was alone in this judgment; he could neither prevent the first concession of the mass, nor could he afterwards have it recalled, even when the results began to show themselves. And let us acknowledge that no set of gentlemen were ever placed in a harder position than this Council of Scotland; it is more easy to refuse a request which is backed by sword and cannon, than when it is in the lips of a young and beautiful princess; and their compliance cost them dear enough without the hard opinion of posterity. But it was from no insensibility of nature that Knox was so loud in his opposition; it was because evil was evil, let the persuasive force be what it would; and the old story, that the soundest principle is the soundest policy, was witnessed to once more by thirteen years of crime and misery, due, all of it, to that one mistake.

But there were forces deeper than human will, and stronger than human error, on the side of the Protestants. In their language we should say God fought for them; in our own, that the laws by which he governs the world would have their way; and that the inherent connexion of Catholicism, in those the last days of its power, with evil, was forced again to manifest itself. Even at the outset, in its claim for toleration, unconsciously it confessed its nature. When the municipal law was read according to custom at the Market Cross at Edinburgh, that "no adulterer, fornicator, or obstinate papist that corrupted the people, be found after forty-eight hours' notice within the precincts of the town," the council who had ordered it were deposed by command of the court, and a counter-proclamation issued, "That the town should be patent to all the queen's lieges." And so, says Knox, "the devil got freedom again, whereas before he durst not have been seen in daylight upon the common street." How it came to pass that the Roman Catholic religion had come to be attended with such companions, why it was then so fruitful in iniquity, when once it had been the faith of saints, and when in our own day the professors of it (in this country) are at least as respectable as those of any other communion, are questions curious enough, but which would lead us far from our present subject; the fact itself is

matter of pure experience. The cause perhaps was, briefly, that it was not a religion at all; with the ignorant it was a superstition; with the queen and the ecclesiastics it was the deadliest of misbeliefs; they had been brought to conceive that in itself it was a cause so excellent, that the advocacy and defence of it would be accepted of Heaven in lieu of every other virtue.

The court set the example of profligacy. Mary's own conduct was at first only ambiguous; but her French relations profited by the recovered freedom of what Knox calls the devil. The good people of Edinburgh were scandalized with shameful brothel riots, and not Catherine de Medicis herself presided over a circle of young ladies and gentlemen more questionable than those which filled the galleries of Holyrood. From the courtiers the scandal extended to herself, and in two years two of her lovers had already died upon the scaffold under very doubtful circumstances. Even more offensive and impolitic was the gala with which she celebrated the massacre of Vassy, the first of that infernal catalogue of crimes by which the French annals of those years are made infamous; and at last she joined the league which was to execute the Tridentine decrees, and extirpate Protestantism. Knox, from his pulpit in St. Giles' week after week, denounced these things; but the knights of the holy war were all wandering enchanted in the Armida forest, and refused to listen to him; and the people, though they lay beyond the circle of the charm, were, as yet, unable to interfere. Yet, in Knox, the fire which Mary dreaded was still kept alive, and she left no means untried to extinguish it. She threatened him, she cajoled him, sending for him again and again. Once she thought she had caught him, and he was summoned before the council to answer for one of his addresses; but it was all in vain. No weapon formed against him prospered. "What are you," she said another time, "in this commonwealth?" "A subject born within the same, madam," he answered; "and albeit neither earl nor baron, yet God has made me, how abject soever in your eyes, a profitable member within the same." If no one else would speak the truth, the truth was not to remain unspoken, and should be spoken by him. After one of these interviews we find him falling into very unusual society. He had been told to wait in the anteroom, and, being out of favor at court, "he stood in the chamber, although it was crowded with people who knew him, as one whom men had never seen." So, perceiving some of the young palace ladies sitting there, in their gorgeous apparel, like a gentleman as he was, he began to "forge talking" with them. Perhaps it will again be thought brutal in him to have frightened these delicate beau-

ties by suggesting unpleasant recollections. All depends on the way he did it; and if he did it like himself, there was no reason why, once in their lives, they should not listen to a few words of reason:—

"O, fair ladies," he said to them, "how pleasing were this life of yours if it should ever abide, and then in the end, that we might pass to heaven with all this gay gear! But fie upon that knave Death, that will come whether we will or not, and when he has laid on his arrest, the foul worms will be busy with this flesh, be it never so fair and tender; and the silly soul, I fear, shall be so feeble that it can neither carry with it gold, garnishing, targeting, pearls, nor precious stones."

This was no homily or admonition escaped out of a sermon, but a pure piece of genuine feeling right out from Knox's heart. The sight of the poor pretty creatures affected him. Very likely he could not help it.

So, however, matters went on, growing worse and worse, till the Darnley marriage, the culminating point of Mary's career. Hitherto, as if by enchantment, she had succeeded in everything which she had attempted. The north of England was all at her devotion; with her own subjects her will had become all but omnipotent. The kirk party among the commons were firm among themselves; but the statesmen and the noblemen had deserted their cause, and they were now preparing to endure a persecution which they would be unable to resist. The Earl of Murray, whose eyes at last were opened, knowing that Darnley had been chosen by his sister as a prelude to an invasion of England, had opposed the marriage with all his power; and well it would have been for her if she had listened to him. But Murray utterly failed. He called on his old party to support him, but it was all gone—broken in pieces by his own weakness, and by others' faults; and he had to fly for his life over the borders.

The Darnley marriage, however, which appeared so full of promise, was the one irretrievable step which ruined everything, and we can easily understand how it came to be so. Mary married for a political object, but she had overcalculated her powers of endurance, and, though she must have known Darnley to be a fool, she had not counted on his being an unmanageable one. If he would have been passive in her hands—if he could have had the discretion not to see her vices, and would have been contented with so much favor as she was pleased to show him—all would have gone well; but he was foolish enough to resent and revenge his disgrace, and then to implore her to forgive him for having revenged it; and although her anger might have spared him, her contempt could not. There is no occasion for us to enter

again upon that story. It is enough that, having brought her cause to the very crisis of success by a skill and perseverance without parallel in history, she flung it away with as unexampled a recklessness, and, instead of being the successful champion of her faith, she became its dishonor and its shame.

At the time of the murder, and during the months which followed it, Knox was in England; he returned, however, immediately on the flight of Bothwell, and was one of the council which sat to determine what should be done with the queen. It has been repeatedly stated that, in the course which was ultimately taken, the lords violated promises which they made to her before her surrender; but there is no reason for thinking so. The condition of a more lenient treatment was a definite engagement to abandon her husband; and, so far from consenting to abandon him, she declared to the last that "she would follow him in a linen kirtle round the world." But if the imprisonment at Lochleven appears to some amiable persons so inhuman and so barbarous, there was a party who regarded that measure as culpable leniency. Knox, with the ministers of the kirk, demanded that she should be brought to an open trial, and that, if she were found guilty of her husband's murder, she should be punished as any private person would be who committed the same crime. We have found hitherto that when there was a difference of opinion between him and the other statesmen, the event appeared to show that he, and not they, had been right — right in the plain, common-sense, human view — and the same continues to hold on the present occasion.

We are most of us agreed that the enormity of crime increases in the ratio of the rank of the offender; that when persons whom the commonwealth has intrusted with station and power commit murder and adultery, their guilt is as much greater in itself, as the injury to society is greater from the effects of their example. But to acknowledge this in words, and yet to say that when sovereigns are the offenders sovereigns must be left to God, and may not be punished by man, is equivalent to claiming for them exemption from punishment altogether, and, in fact, to denying the divine government of the world. God does not work miracles to punish sinners; he punishes the sins of men by the hands of men. It is the law of the earth, as the whole human history from the beginning of time witnesses. Not the sovereign prince or princess, but the law of Almighty God is supreme in this world; and wherever God gives the power to execute it, we may be sure that it is His will that those who hold the power are to use it. If there is to be mercy anywhere for offenders, if any human beings at all are to be exempted from penalties, the

exceptions are to be looked for at the other extreme of the scale, among the poor and the ignorant, who have never had means of knowing better.

If, therefore, Mary Stuart was guilty, we cannot but think that Knox knew best how to deal with her; and if the evidence, which really convinced all Scotland and England at the time that guilty she was, had been publicly, formally, and judicially brought forward, it would have been to the large advantage both of herself and the world that then was, and of all after generations. She, if then she had ascended the scaffold, would have been spared seventeen more years of crime. Scotland would have been spared a miserable civil war, of which the mercy that was shown her was the cause; and the world that came after would have been spared the waste of much unprofitable sympathy, and a controversy, already three centuries long, which shows no sign of ending. It is one thing, we are well aware, to state in this hard, naked way, what ought to have been done; and quite another to have done it. Perhaps no action was ever demanded of any body of men which required more moral courage. But, for all that, Knox was right. In the Bible, which was the canon of his life, he found no occasion for believing that kings and queens were, *ex officio*, either exempted from committing sins, or exempted from being punished for them. He saw in Mary a conspirator against the cause which he knew to be the cause of truth and justice, and he saw her visited, as it were, with penal blindness, staggering headlong into crime as the necessary and retributive consequence. For centuries these poor Scotch had endured these adulteries, and murders, and fornications, and they had risen up, at the risk of their lives, and purged them away; and here was a woman, who had availed herself of her position as their queen, "to set the devil free again," and become herself high priestess in his temple. With what justice could any offender be punished more, if she were allowed to escape! Escape, indeed, she did not. Vengeance fell, at last, on all who were concerned in that accursed business. Bothwell died mad in a foreign prison; the Archbishop of St. Andrews was hanged; Maitland escaped the executioner by poison; and Mary herself was still more sternly punished, by being allowed to go on, heaping crime on crime, till she, too, ended on the scaffold. But instead of accusing Knox of ferocity and hardness of heart, we will rather say that he only, and those who felt with him and followed him, understood what was required alike by the majesty of justice and the real interests of the world.

The worst, however, was now over; the cause of the Catholics was disgraced beyond

recovery; the queen was dethroned and powerless; and the Reformers were once more able to go forward with their work. Even so, they were obliged to content themselves with less than they desired; possibly they had been over-sanguine from the first, and had persuaded themselves that more fruit might be gathered out of man's nature than man's nature has been found capable of yielding; but it seemed as if the queen had flung a spell over the country from which, even after she was gone, it could not recover. Her name, as long as she was alive, was a rallying cry for disaffection, and those who were proof against temptation from her, took little pains to resist temptation from their own selfishness. The Earl of Morton, one of the most conspicuous professors of Protestantism, disgraced it with his profligacy; and many more disgraced it by their avarice. The abbey lands were too little for their large digestions. The office of bishop had been abolished in the church, but the maintenance of them, as an institution, was convenient for personal purposes; the noble lords nominating some friend or kinsman to the sees as they fell vacant, who, without duties and without ordination, received the revenues and paid them over to their patrons, accepting such salary in return as was considered sufficient for their creditable service.

Yet if there was shadow there was more sunshine, and quite enough to make Knox's heart glad at last. The Earl of Murray was invited by the estates to undertake the regency; and this itself is a proof that they were sound at heart, for without doubt he was the best and the ablest man among them. The illegitimate son of James the Fifth, whatever virtue was left in the Stuart blood had been given to him to compensate for his share in it, and while he was very young he had drawn the attention of the French and English courts, as a person of note and promise.

After remaining loyal as long as loyalty was possible to the queen-mother, he attached himself as we saw to John Knox, and became the most powerful leader of the Reformation. Bribes and threats were made use of to detach him from it, but equally without effect; even a cardinal's red hat was offered him by Catherine if he would sell his soul for it. But for such a distinction he had as little ambition as Knox himself could have had, and his only mistake arose from a cause for which we can scarcely blame his understanding, while it showed the nobleness of his heart; he believed too well, and he hoped too much, of his father's daughter, and his affection for her made him blind. For her he quarrelled with his best friends; he defended her mass, and was for years her truest and most faithful servant; and she rewarded his affection with hatred, and

his fidelity with plots for his murder. Whatever uprightness was seen in the first year of her administration was his work, for which she little thanked him; and the Scotch people, even while they deplored the position in which he had placed himself, yet could not refuse him their love for it. When he saw at last the course to which she had surrendered herself he withdrew in shame from the court; he had no share in her deposition; he left Scotland after the murder, only returning to it when he was invited to take upon himself the regency and the guardianship of his nephew; and he came back saddened into a truer knowledge of mankind, and a determination to do his duty, cost him what it would. He could be no stranger to what the world would say of him. He knew that those who had tried already to murder him, would make their plots surer, and their daggers sharper now; but he dared it all, and the happiest three years which Scotland had known were those of his government. The thieves of the Border were held down; the barons were awed or coerced into respect for property and life, and the memory of those golden years lived long in the admiring regret of less favored times. Even the Book of Discipline, though it could not be passed in its fulness, yet became law in many of its most important provisions. Among others let us look at the punishment which was decreed against fornicators:—

On the first offence they are to pay eighty pounds (Scots), or be committed to prison for eight days, and there fed only upon bread and the smallest beer. They are afterwards, on the next market-day, to be placed in some conspicuous situation, whence they may easily be seen by every one, there to remain from ten o'clock till twelve, with their heads uncovered and bound with rings of iron. For the second offence, the penalty is one hundred and thirty pounds, or sixteen days' imprisonment, on bread and water; their heads to be shaved, and themselves to be exposed as before. For the third offence, two hundred pounds, or forty-eight days' imprisonment; and then, after having been three times dipped in deep water, to be banished the town or parish.

We talk of the progress of the species, and we are vain of our supposed advance in the virtues of civilized humanity, but no such wholesome horror of sensuality is displayed among ourselves. We shall perhaps insist that this law was a dead letter, that it could not have been enforced, and that to enact laws which are above the working level of morality, is to bring law itself into disrespect. But there is reason to think that it was not altogether a dead letter, and there was a special provision that "gryt men offending in syk crimes should receive the same as the pure;" under which one noble lady at least actually suffered, though for a different offence.

But nations, it will be said, cannot be governed in this way, and for the present, such is the "hardness of our hearts," it is unfortunately true that they cannot. Hereafter, perhaps, if progress is anything but a name, more may admit of being done with human nature; but while we remain at our present level, any such high demands upon it are likely to turn out failures. In the mean time, however, if, by the grace of the upper powers, sufficient virtue has been found in a body of people to endure such a law for however brief periods, we suppose that such periods are the light points in the history of mankind; and achievements like this of Murray's among the best and noblest which man has been permitted to accomplish.

It is not a little touching to find that Knox, when the country was at last in the right hands, thought now of leaving it, and of going back to end his days in peace at Geneva. He had fought the fight, he had finished the work which was given to him to do; it was imperfect, but with the given materials, more could not be done; and as it had been by no choosing of his own that so great a part had fallen to him, so now when it seemed played out, and his presence no longer necessary, he would gladly surrender a position in itself so little welcome to him.

"God comfort that little flock," he wrote about this time, "among whom I lived with quietness of conscience, and contentment of heart; and amongst whom I would be content to end my days, if so it might stand with God's good pleasure. For seeing it has pleased His Majesty above all men's expectation to prosper the work, for the performing whereof I left that company, I would even as gladly return to them, as ever I was glad to be delivered from the rage of mine enemies."

Surely we should put away our notion of the ferocious fanatic with the utmost speed. The heart of Knox was full of loving and tender affections. He could not, as he said himself, "bear to see his own bairns greet when his hand chastised them."

If he had then gone back to Geneva, and heard no more of Scotland; or if he had died at the time at which he thought of going, he might have passed away, like Simeon, with a *Nunc dimittis Domine*, believing that the salvation of his country was really come. So, however, it was not to be. Four more years were still before him; years of fresh sorrows, crimes, and calamities. His place to the last, was in the battle, and he was to die upon the field; and if rest was in store for him, he was to find it elsewhere, and not in the thing which we call life—

Τῆς οἰκίας αὐτοῦ ἔζη μὴ ὀλίγη κατὰ δύναμιν
Τὸ κατὰ δύναμιν δὲ ζῆν.

The why and the how is all mystery. Our

business is with the fact as we find it, which wise men accept nobly, and do not quarrel with it.

The flight of Mary from Lochleven was the signal for the reopening the civil war. If she had been taken at Langside she would have been immediately executed; but by her escape into England, and by the uncertainty of Elizabeth's policy respecting her, she was able to recall the act by which she had abdicated her crown, and reassert her right as sovereign, with the countenance, as it appeared in Scotland, of the English queen. Her being allowed an ambassador in London, and Elizabeth's refusal to confirm her deposition, led all parties to believe that before long there would be an active interference in her favor; and the hope, if it was no more, was sufficient to keep the elements of discord from being extinguished. As long as Murray was alive it was unable to break out into flame; but more dangerously, and at last fatally for him, it took the form of private conspiracy to take him off by assassination. John Knox, in the bitterness of his heart, blamed Elizabeth for Murray's death. He had never understood or liked her, and when her own ministers were unable to realize the difficulty of dealing with Mary—when even they, after the share of the latter in the rising of the north was discovered, were ready to crush the "bosom serpent" as they called her, without further scruple—it was not likely that he would forgive the protection which had cost his country its truest servant. Perhaps, when we think of the bitterness with which Elizabeth's memory has been assailed on account of this wretched woman, even after the provocation of seventeen more years of wickedness, we can better appreciate her hesitation. Knox demanded that she should be delivered up to justice; and for the peace of Scotland, and of England, too, it would have been well had his demand been acceded to. Many a crime would have been spared, and many a head would have laid down on an unbloody pillow, which was sliced away by the executioner's axe in that bad cause; and yet there are few of our readers who will not smile at the novel paradox, that Elizabeth treated Mary Stuart with too much leniency. Elizabeth, perhaps, felt for herself, that "in respect of justice, few of us could 'scape damnation,'"

And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.

When the rule of right is absolute, at all hazards—even at the hazard of our good name—we must obey it. But beyond all expressed rules or codes lies that large debatable land of equity which the imperfection of human understandings can never map into formulæ, and where the heart alone can

feel its way. That other formula, "the idolater shall die the death," if it could have been universally applied, as Knox believed it to be of universal application, would at the moment at which he uttered it have destroyed Francis Xavier.

Yet, again, let us not condemn Knox. It was that fixed intensity of purpose which alone sustained him in those stormy waters; and he may rightly have demanded what Elizabeth might not rightly concede. His prayer on the murder of the regent is finely characteristic of him. It was probably extempore, and taken down in note by some one who heard it:—

O Lord, what shall we add to the former petitions we know not; yet, alas! O Lord, our conscience bears us record that we are unworthy that thou shouldst continue thy graces to us by reasons of our horrible ingratitude. In our extreme miseries we called, and thou in the multitude of thy mercies heard us. And first thou delivered us from the tyranny of merciless strangers, next from the bondage of idolatry, and last from the yoke of that wretched woman, the mother of all mischief. And in her place thou didst erect her son, and to supply his infancy thou didst appoint a regent endued with such graces as the devil himself cannot accuse or justly convict him, this only excepted, that foolish pity did so far prevail in him concerning execution and punishment which thou commandedst to have been executed upon her and her complices, the murderers of her husband. O Lord, in what misery and confusion found he this realm! To what rest and quietness suddenly by his labors he brought the same, all estates, but specially the poor commons, can witness. Thy image, Lord, did so clearly shine in that personage, that the devil, and the wicked to whom he is prince, could not abide it; and so to punish our sins and ingratitude, who did not rightly esteem so precious a gift, thou hast permitted him to fall, to our great grief, into the hands of cruel and traitorous murderers. He is at rest, O Lord, and we are left in extreme misery.

If thy mercy prevent us not, we cannot escape just condemnation, for that Scotland has spared and England has maintained the life of that most wicked woman. Oppose thy power, O Lord, to the pride of that cruel murderer of her awin husband; confound her faction and their subtle enterprises, and let them and the world know that thou art a God that can deprehend the wise in their own wisdom, and the proud in the imagination of their wicked hearts. Lord, retain us that call upon thee in thy true fear. Give thou strength to us to fight our battle; yea, Lord, to fight it lawfully, and to end our lives in the sanctification of thy holy name.

In 1570 he was struck with paralysis; he recovered partially, and lived for two more years; but they were years so deplorable that even his heart grew weary and sick within him, and he longed to be gone out of the world. As before,

he was the one centre of life round which the ever-flagging energies of the Protestants rallied; but by the necessity of the time, which could not be resisted, the lead of the party fell to one or other of the great noblemen who were small credit to it, and who were following worldly objects under a mask of sanctity. The first regent who succeeded Murray was Darnley's father, the Earl of Lennox; then he too was murdered, and the Earl of Mar came, and the Earl of Morton, with these *tulchan* bishops; the country tearing itself in pieces, and they unwilling to commit themselves to peremptory action, lest Elizabeth (as they expected that she would) should restore Mary, and if they had gone too far in opposition to her they might find it impossible to obtain their pardon. Once more in this distracted time Knox stood out alone, broken with age and sickness, and deserted even by the assembly of the kirk, to brave the storm, and again to conquer in it. He had been required to pray for the queen.

"I pray not for her as queen," he said, "for queen to me she is not; and I am not a man of law that has my tongue to sell for silver or the favor of the world. And for what I have spoken against the adultery and the murder, when I am taught by God's word that the reproof of sin is an evil thing I shall do as God's word commands me. But unto that time, which will not be till the morn after doomsday, and not then, I hold the sentence given by God to his prophets Jeremy and Ezekiel, to stand for a perpetual law, which, with God's assistance, I follow to my life's end."

Not the least painful feature of the present state of things was the disruption of friendships which had stood through all the years of previous trial. The most important leaders of the Marian party were now Maitland of Lethington, and Sir William Kircaldy, both of whom belonged to the first reformers of the revolution, and one of whom we saw long ago among the exiles of St. Andrews; but times were changed, or they were changed, and they were now the bitterest enemies of all for which then they risked life and good name. It was probably Maitland who, feeling the same anxiety to silence Knox as Mary had felt, took the opportunity of his disagreement with the assembly to prefer a series of anonymous charges against him. He was accused, among other things, of having been a traitor to his country, and of having betrayed Scotland to the English; and we can almost pardon the accusation, for the answer which it drew from him:—

"What I have been to my country," he said, "albeit this unthankful age will not know, yet the age to come will be compelled to bear witness to the truth. And thus I cease, requiring all men that has anything to oppose against me,

that he will do it so plainly as I make myself and all my doings manifest to the world ; for to me it seems a thing most unreasonable, that in this my decrepit age, I shall be compelled to fight against shadows and *Howlettes*, that dare not abide the light."

It is to the lasting disgrace of Sir William Kircaldy, otherwise a not ignoble man, that, commanding the Castle of Edinburgh as he did, he permitted an attempt which was now made to murder Knox to pass by without inquiry or punishment; and that when the citizens applied for permission to form a body-guard about his house, he refused to grant it. To save his country the shame of a second attempt which might be successful, the old man was obliged, the year before he died, feeble and broken as he was, to leave his house and take shelter in St. Andrews. For himself it was in every way trying; but sunny days are thrown upon his retirement there by the affectionate reminiscences of a student, young Melville, who was then at the college, and who used to see him and hear him talk and preach continually.

"He ludgit," we are told, "down in the Abbey beside our college; he wad sometimes come in and repose him in our college-yard, and call on scholars unto him, and bless us, and exhort us to know God and his work in our country, and end by the gude advice, to use our time well, and hear the gude instruction."

But the sermons, of course, were the great thing. We remember Randolph's expression of the six hundred trumpets, and we can readily fancy the eager crowding of these boys to listen to him.

"I heard him teach the prophecies of Daniel that summer and winter," says Melville. "I laid my pen and my little buik, and tuk away sic things as I could comprehend. In the opening up of this text he was moderate, the space of half an hour; but when he entered into application he made me so to grewe and tremble, that I could not hold a pen to write. He was very weak. I saw him every day of his doctrine go hule and fear, with a furring of masticks about his neck, a staff in one hand, and godly Richard Battenden (Bannatyne), his servant, holding up the othertoxter, from the Abbey to the parish kirk, and he the said Richard, and another servant, lifted him up to the pulpit, where he behoved to lean at his first entrie; but ere he had done with his sermon he was so active and vigorous that he was lyke to ding the pulpit in twa, and fly out of it."

If this description should lead any person to suppose that his sermons contained what is called rant, we can only desire him to read the one specimen which is left us, and for which he was summoned as being unusually violent. Of that sermon, we should say, that words more full of deep, clear insight into

human life, were never uttered in a pulpit. It is all which pulpit eloquence, properly so called, is not, full of powerful understanding and broad masculine sense; and the emotion of it, the real emotion of a real heart. *Doctrine*, in the modern sense, we suspect was very little heard in Knox's sermons; any more than vague denunciations of abstract wickedness. He aimed his arrows right down upon wicked acts, and the wicked doers of them, present or not present, sovereign or subject; and our Exeter Hall friends would have had to complain of a lamentable deficiency of "gospel truth."

After thirteen months' absence, a truce between the contending parties enabled Knox to return to Edinburgh. The summer of 1572 was drawing to its close, and his life was ebbing away from him with the falling year. He attempted once to preach in his old church, but the effort was too great for him; he desired his people to choose some one to fill his place, and had taken his last leave of them, when at the beginning of September the news came of the Bartholomew massacre. If even now, with three centuries rolling between us and that horrible night, our blood still chills in us at the name of it, it is easy to feel what it must have been when it was the latest birth of time; and nowhere, except in France itself, was the shock of it felt as it was in Scotland. The associations of centuries had bound the two countries together in ties of more than common alliance; and between the Scotch Protestants and the Huguenots there were further connexions of the closest and warmest attachment. They had fought for the same cause and against the same persecutors; they had stood by each other in their common trials; and in 1559, Condé and Coligni had saved Scotland by distracting the attention of the Guises at home. Community of interest had led to personal intimacies and friendships, and in time of danger such links are stronger than those of blood—so that thousands of the Paris victims were dearer than brothers to the Lowland Protestants. One cry of horror rose all over Scotland. The contending parties forgot their animosities; even the Catholics let fall their arms in shame, and the flagging energies of Knox rallied back once more, to hurl across the Channel the execrations of a nation-whom a crime so monstrous had for a moment reunited. The Tolbooth was fitted up for the occasion, and the voice of the dying hero was heard for the last time in its thunder, denouncing the vengeance of Heaven on the contrivers of that accursed deed.

But this was the last blow to him. "He was weary of the world, as the world was weary of him." There was nothing now for him to do; and the world at its best, even without massacres of St. Bartholomew, is not

so sweet a place, that men like him care to linger in it longer than necessary. A few days before he died, feeling what was coming, in a quiet, simple way he set his house in order and made his few preparations. We find him paying his servants' wages, telling them these were the last which they would ever receive from him, and so giving them each twenty shillings over. Two friends come in to dine with him, not knowing of his illness, and "for their cause he came to the table, and caused pierce an hogged of wine which was in the cellar, and willed them send for the same as long as it lasted, for that he would not tarry till it was drunken."

As the news got abroad, the world, in the world's way, came crowding with their anxieties and inquiries. Among the rest came the Earl of Morton, then just declared regent; and from his bed the old man spoke words to him which, years after, on the scaffold, Lord Morton remembered with bitter tears. One by one they came and went. As the last went out, he turned to Campbell of Braid, who would not leave him —

"Ik ane," he said, "bids me gude night, but when will ye do it? I have been greatly behaudin' and indebted to you, whilk I can never be able to recompense you. But I commit you to One who is able to do it, that is, to the eternal God."

The curtain is drawing down; it is time that we drop it altogether. He had taken leave of the world, and only the few dear ones of his own family now remained with him for a last sacred parting on the shore of the great ocean of eternity. The evening before he died he was asked how he felt. He said he had been sorely tempted by Satan, "and when he saw he could not prevail, he tempted me to have trusted in myself, or to have boasted of myself; but I repulsed him with this sentence — *Quid habes quod non accepisti.*" It was the last stroke of his "long struggle," the one business of life for him and all of us — the struggle with self. The language may have withered into formal theology, but the truth is green forever.

On Monday, the twenty-fourth of November, he got up in the morning, and partially dressed himself, but, feeling weak, he lay down again. They asked him if he was in pain. "It is a painful pain," he answered, "but such a one as, I trust, shall put an end to the battle."

His wife sat by him with the Bible open on her knees. He desired her to read the fifteenth of the first of Corinthians. He thought he was dying as she finished it. "Is not that a beautiful chapter?" he said; and then added, "Now, for the last time, I commend my spirit, soul, and body, into thy hands, O Lord." But the crisis passed off for the moment. Towards evening he lay still

for several hours, and at ten o'clock "they went to their ordinary prayer, which was the longer, because they thought he was sleeping." When it was over, the physician asked him if he had heard anything. "Ay," he said, "I wad to God that ye and all men heard as I have heard, and I praise God for that heavenly sound."

Suddenly thereafter he gave a long sigh and sob, and cried out, "Now it is come!" Then Richard Bannatyne, sitting down before him, said, "Now, sir, the time that ye have long called for, to wit, an end of your battle, is come; and seeing all natural power now fails, remember the comfortable promise which ofttime ye have shown to us, of our Saviour Christ; and that we may understand and know that ye hear us, make us some sign," and so he lifted up his hand; and incontinent thereafter, rendered up the spirit, and slept away without any pain.

In such sacred stillness, the strong spirit, which had so long battled with the storm, passed away to God. What he had been to those who were gathered about his death-bed, they did not require to be taught by losing him. What he had been to his country, "Albeit," in his own words, "that unthankful age would not know," the after ages have experienced, if they have not confessed. His work is not to be measured by the surface changes of ecclesiastical establishments, of the substitution for the idolatry of the mass of a more subtle idolatry of formule. Religion with him was a thing not of forms and words, but of obedience and righteous life; and his one prayer was, that God would grant to him and all mankind "the whole and perfect hatred of sin." His power was rather over the innermost heart of his country, and we should look for the traces of it among the keystones of our own national greatness. Little as Elizabeth knew it, that one man was among the pillars on which her throne was held standing in the hour of its danger, when the tempest of rebellion and invasion which had gathered over her passed away without breaking. We complain of the hard destructiveness of these old reformers, and contrast complacently our modern "progressive improvement" with their intolerant iconoclasm, and we are like the agriculturists of a long settled country who should feed their vanity by measuring the crops which they can raise against those raised by their ancestors, forgetting that it was these last who rooted the forests off the ground, and laid the soil open to the seed.

The real work of the world is done by men of the Knox and Cromwell stamp. It is they who, when the old forms are worn away and will serve no longer, fuse again the rusted metal of humanity, and mould it afresh; and, by and by, when they are past away, and the

metal is now cold, and can be approached without danger to limb or skin, appear the enlightened liberals with file and sand-paper, and scour off the outer roughness of the casting, and say—See what a beautiful statue we have made! Such a thing it was when we found it, and now its surface is like a mirror—we can see our own faces in every part of it.

But it is time to have done. We had intended to have said something of Knox's writings, but for the present our limits are run out. We will leave him now with the brief epitaph which Morton spoke as he stood beside his grave; "There lies one who never feared the face of mortal man."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

CHLOROFORM.

Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep oppressed,
Stretched on his back, a mighty hubbard lay;
Heaving his sides and snoring night and day;
To stir him from his trance it was not eath,
And his half-opened cune he shut straightway;
He led, I wot, the softest way to death,
And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the breath.

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

THE desire to drown pain has existed from the time that suffering became the inheritance of fallen man; and the discovery of means by which it can be averted has justly been regarded as one of the greatest triumphs of modern science, for in it are alike interested high and low, rich and poor; and it is this general interest which leads us to draw aside, in some degree, the veil from the chamber of suffering for the comfort of some, perhaps, and the information of many who are desirous of knowing in what way people are affected by Chloroform.

The most usual effect is to produce a profound sleep; so profound that volition and sensation are alike suspended, and this is often attended with a symptom very alarming to relatives or bystanders unprepared for it; we allude to a loud snoring or stertorous breathing, which conveys the idea of much suffering to those who are not aware that in itself it is direct evidence of the deepest unconsciousness. It is not, however, invariably produced; we have seen a fine child brought in—laid down with its hands gently folded across its body—have chloroform administered—undergo a severe operation, and be carried to bed without once changing its attitude, or its countenance altering from the expression of the calm, sweet sleep of infancy. Sometimes, however, strange scenes are enacted under anesthetics, one of which we will describe. The uninitiated have a vague idea that the operating theatre of hospitals is a very dreadful place; certainly, patients having once given their consent to enter it may, so far as escape goes, say in the words of Dante,

Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate,

but every consideration is shown to soften down as much as possible the terrors inseparable from a chamber of torture.

Imagine then a lofty semicircular apartment, lighted from above, with a large space railed off on the ground, and railed steps, in tiers, sweeping half round, and affording standing room for more than a hundred spectators, principally students, who, conversing in low tones, are awaiting the expected operation. In the centre of the open space is a strong couch, or table, now covered with a clean sheet, and beneath its foot is a wooden tray, thickly strewn with yellow sand. On another table, also covered with a white cloth, are arranged, in perfect order, numerous keen and formidable-looking instruments, the edge of one of which, a long, sword-like, double-edged knife, a gentleman with his cuffs turned up, is trying, by shaving off little bits of cuticle from the palm of his hand, and two or three assistants are quietly threading needles, and making other preparations. The gentleman with the knife being satisfied as to its condition, gives a glance round, and, seeing everything in perfect readiness, nods, and a dresser leaves the room. After a minute or two, a shuffling of feet is heard, the folding doors are thrown open, and a strong, surly-looking, bull-headed "navvy," whose leg has been smashed by a railway accident, is borne in and gently placed on the table. His face is damp and pale, he casts an anxious—eager look around, then with a shudder closes his eyes, and lies down on his back. The chloroform apparatus is now applied to his mouth, and a dead silence marks the general expectancy. The man's face flushes—he struggles, and some muffled exclamations are heard. In a minute or two more the gentleman who has charge of the chloroform examines his eyes, touches the eyeball—the lids wink not, the operator steps forward, and in a trice the limb is transfixed with the long bistoury.

Some intelligence now animates the patient's face, which bears a look of drunken jollity. "Ha! ha! ha! Capital!" he shouts, evidently in imagination with his boon companions, "a jolly good song, and jolly well sung! I always know'd Jem was a good un to chant! I sing! dash my wig if I a'n't as husky as a broken-winded 'os. Well, if I must, I must, so here goes."

By this time the bone has been bared, and the operator saws, whilst the patient shouts,

"'Tis my delight o' a moonlight night—

whose that a treading on my toe! None o' your tricks, Jem! Hold your jaw, will you? Who can sing when you are making such a blessed row? Toll-de-rol-loll. Come, g'e us a drop, will ye? What! drunk it all! Ye greedy beggars! I'll fight the best man

among ye for half a farden!" and straightway he endeavors to hit out, narrowly missing the spectacles of a gentleman in a white cravat, who steps hastily back, and exclaims, "Hold him fast!"

The leg being now separated, is placed under the table, and the arteries are tied, with some little difficulty, on account of the unsteadiness of the patient, who, besides his pugnacity in general, has a quarrel with an imaginary bulldog, which he finds it necessary to kick out of the room. He, however, recovers his good-humor whilst the dressings are being applied, and is borne out of the theatre shouting, singing, and anathematizing in a most stentorian voice; when in bed, however, he falls asleep, and in twenty minutes awakes very subdued, in utter ignorance that any operation has been performed, and with only a dim recollection of being taken into the theatre, breathing something, and feeling "werry queer," as he expresses it.

Now this scene is a faithful description of an incident witnessed by the writer at one of our county hospitals to which he is attached, and those who have seen much of the administration of ether and chloroform will remember many resembling it. The man was a hard-drinker, and a dose of chloroform, which would have placed most persons in deep sleep, deprived him of sensation, but went no further than exciting the phantasms of a drunken dream.

A writer in the North British Review says that "experience has fully shown that the brain may be acted on so as to annihilate for the time what may be termed the faculty of feeling pain; the organ of general sense may be lulled into profound sleep, while the organ of special sense and the organ of intellectual function remain wide awake, active, and busily employed. The patient may feel no pain under very cruel cutting, and yet he may see, hear, taste, and smell, as well as ever, to all appearance; and he may also be perfectly conscious of everything within reach of his observation—able to reason on such events most lucidly, and able to retain both the events and the reasoning in his memory afterwards. We have seen a patient following the operator with her eyes most intelligently and watchfully as he shifted his place near her, lifted his knife, and proceeded to use it—winning not at all during its use; answering questions by gesture very readily and plainly, and, after the operation was over, narrating every event as it occurred, declaring that she knew and saw all; stating that she knew and felt that she was being cut, and yet that she felt no pain whatever. Patients have said quietly, 'You are sawing now,' during the use of the saw in amputation; and afterwards they have declared most solemnly that though quite conscious of that

part of the operation they felt no pain."

We may here remark, that a very common, but erroneous supposition is, that sawing through the marrow is the most painful part of an amputation; this has arisen from confounding the fatty matter of the true marrow with the spinal cord—a totally different thing. The sensation of sawing the bone is like that of filing the teeth, and is not to be compared with the first incision, which is very much as if a red-hot iron swept round the limb.

When ether was used, such scenes as that described occurred; but, with rare exceptions, chloroform effectually wipes out the tablets of the brain, and prevents any recollection of the incidents that occur during its influence; we have often heard a person talk coherently enough when partially under its influence, yet afterwards no efforts of memory could recall the conversation to his mind.

An able London physician, Dr. Snow, has paid great attention to the administration of chloroform, and has satisfied himself by actual observation, that when there are obscure indications of pain during an operation, there is no suffering, properly so to speak, for sensation returns gradually in those cases where complete consciousness is regained before the common sensibility. Under these circumstances the patient, when first beginning to feel, describes as something pricking or pinching, proceedings that without anesthetics would cause intense pain, and does not feel at all that which would at another time excite considerable suffering.

The disposition to sing is by no means uncommon during the stage of excitement; we well remember the painful astonishment of a grave, elderly, abstinent divine, who, on being told after an operation that he had sung, exclaimed, "Good gracious! is it possible! Why, my dear sir, I never sang a song in my life, and is it possible I could have so committed myself? But what *could* I have sung!" A little badinage took place, it being insinuated that the song was of a rather Tom-Moorish character, till his horror became so great that it was necessary to relieve his mind by telling him that "Hallelujah" was the burden of his chant.

The general condition of the patient, as regards robustness or the contrary, has been found by Dr. Snow to exercise a considerable influence on the way in which chloroform acts; usually, the more feeble the patient is, the more quietly does he become insensible; whilst if he is strong and robust there is very likely to be mental excitement, rigidity of the muscles and perhaps struggling. Dr. Snow has frequently exhibited chloroform in extreme old age with the best effects, and does not consider it a source of danger when proper care is taken; old persons are generally rather longer than others in recovering their con-

sciousness, probably because, owing to their circulation and respiration being less active, the vapor requires a longer time to escape by the lungs, and it may be remarked that chloroform passes off unchanged from the blood in the expired air.

The usual and expected effect of chloroform is to deprive the individual of consciousness; but it occasionally fails to do this, and gives rise to a very remarkable trance-like condition. We were once present when chloroform was administered to a lady about to undergo a painful operation on the mouth; the usual phenomena took place, and in due time the gentleman who administered the vapor announced that she was perfectly insensible; the operation was performed, and during its progress the bystanders conversed unreservedly on its difficulties and the prospects of success.

When the patient "came to," she, to our utter astonishment, asserted that she had been perfectly conscious the whole time, though unable to make the least sign or movement; had felt pain, and had heard every word spoken, which was proved by her repeating the conversation; she stated that the time seemed a perfect age, and that, though hearing and feeling what was going on, she lived her life over again, events even of early childhood long forgotten, rising up like a picture before her. It is said, and truly, that in the few seconds between sleeping and waking, some of the longest dreams take place, and that a drowning man has just before the extinction of consciousness reviewed as in a mirror every action of his life. So, in the case of this lady, years appeared to move slowly on, and to be succeeded by other years with all their events, each attended with corresponding emotions, during the few minutes she was fairly under the chloroformic influence; yet with all this the prominent feeling was an intense struggling to make us aware that she was not insensible; of which condition there was every outward indication.

Our readers must all be familiar, from observation or description, with the *mimosa pudica*, or sensitive plant; now it is a curious fact that the influence of chloroform is not confined to the animal kingdom, but extends to the vegetable world, for Professor Marcet, of Geneva, has ascertained that it possesses the power of arresting for a time, if not of altogether destroying, the irritability of the sensitive plant. Thus we find from time to time striking illustrations of the identity which exists in the irritability of plants and the nervous systems of animals.

Among the ancients the mandrake, or mandragora, held a high reputation for utility in drowning pain. Pliny tells us that "in the digging up of the root of mandrage there are some ceremonies observed; first, they that goe about this worke looke especially to this,

that the wind be not in their face, but blow upon their backs; then with the point of a sword they draw three circles round about the plant, which done, they dig it up afterwards with their face into the west. . . . It may be used safely enough for to procure sleep, if there be a good regard had in the dose, that it be answerable in proportion to the strength and complexion of the patient; it is an ordinary thing to drink it against the poison of serpents; likewise before the cutting or cauterizing, pricking or launcing, of any member, to take away the sense and feeling of such extreme cures; and sufficient it is in some bodies to cast them into a sleep with the smel of mandrage, against the time of such chirurgery."*

The discovery of chloroform, as an anæsthetic agent, was made by Dr. Simpson, of Edinburgh, and was attended with some very amusing circumstances, as narrated by Professor Miller. Dr. Simpson had long felt convinced that there existed some anæsthetic agent superior to ether, which was then all the rage, and in October, 1847, got up pleasant little parties, quite in a sociable way, to try the effects of other respirable gases on himself and friends. The ordinary way of experimenting was as follows. Each guest was supplied with about a teaspoonful of the fluid to be experimented on, in a tumbler or finger-glass, which was placed in hot water if the substance did not happen to be very volatile. Holding the mouth and nostrils over the open vessel, inhalation was proceeded with slowly and deliberately, all inhaling at the same time, and each noting the effects as they arose. Late on the evening of the 4th November, 1847, Dr. Simpson, with his two friends, Drs. Keith and Duncan, sat down to quaff the flowing vapor in the dining-room of the learned host. Having inhaled several substances without much effect, it occurred to Dr. Simpson to try a ponderous material which he had formerly set aside on a lumber table as utterly unpromising. It happened to be a small bottle of chloroform, and, with each tumbler newly charged, the inhalers solemnly pursued their vocation. Immediately an unwonted hilarity seized the party—their eyes sparkled—they became excessively jolly and very loquacious. The conversation flowed so briskly, that some ladies and a naval officer who were present were quite charmed. But suddenly there was a talk of sounds being heard like those of a cotton-mill, louder and louder—a moment more—a dead silence, and then a crash! On awaking, Dr. Simpson's first perception was mental. "This is far stronger and better than ether," said he to himself. His second was

* Philemon Holland's Translation of Pliny. Part II., p. 235.

to note that he was prostrate on the floor, and that, among his friends about him, there was both confusion and alarm. Hearing a noise, he turned round, and saw Dr. Duncan in a most undignified attitude beneath a chair. His jaw had dropped, his eyes were starting, his head bent half under him; quite unconscious and snoring in a most determined and alarming manner. More noise still to the doctor, and much motion — disagreeably so — and then his eyes overtook Dr. Keith's feet and legs, making valorous efforts to overturn the supper table, and annihilate everything that was on it.

By and by Dr. Simpson's head ceased to swim, and he regained his seat; Dr. Duncan, having finished his uncomfortable slumber, resumed his chair; and Dr. Keith, having come to an arrangement with the table, likewise assumed his seat and his placidity; then came a comparing of notes and a chorus of congratulation, for the object had been attained; and this was the way in which the wonderful powers of chloroform were first discovered and put to the test. It may be added, that, the small stock of chloroform having been speedily exhausted, Mr. Hunter, of the firm of Duncan, Flockhart, and Co., was pressed into the service for restoring the supply, and little respite had that gentleman for many months from his chloroformic labors.

According to our own experience, chloroform is by no means disagreeable. Circumstances led to our taking it, and, as far as we remember, our feelings were nearly as follows: — the nervousness, which the anticipation of the chloroform and the expected operation had excited, gradually passed away after a few inhalations, and was succeeded by a pleasant, champagne exhilaration; a few seconds more and a rather unpleasant oppression of the chest led to an endeavor to express discomfort, but whilst still doing so — or rather supposing we were doing so — we were informed that the operation was over. Utterly incredulous, we sought for proof, soon found it, and then our emotions of joy were almost overwhelming. In truth, we had been insensible full five minutes; but, one of the peculiarities of chloroformic unconsciousness being the obliteration of memory, the person is carried on from the last event before the full effect of the chloroform, to the return of consciousness, as one and the same current of ideas.

An important point in connection with chloroform is the possibility of its illegal use for the purposes of robbery, &c. About two years ago, several cases occurred, in which it was said to have been employed for that object, and so serious was the matter considered, that Lord Campbell made it the special subject of a penal enactment. There are, however, something more than grave doubts on the minds of those best acquainted with

the subject, as to whether chloroform has not labored under an unjust accusation, in some, at least, of the cases alluded to; and, as it is very possible that the question may from time to time be raised, we will state the grounds on which Dr. Snow, a peculiarly competent authority, arrived at the opinion that chloroform cannot be used with effect in street robberies.

When administered gradually, chloroform can be breathed easily enough by a person willing and anxious to take it; but he has to draw his breath many times before he becomes unconscious. During all this interval he has the perfect perception of the impression of the vapor on his nose, mouth, and throat, as well as of other sensations which it causes; and every person who has inhaled chloroform retains a recollection of these impressions and sensations. If chloroform be given to a child whilst asleep, the child awakes in nearly every instance before being made insensible, however gently the vapor may be insinuated, and no animal, either wild or tame, can be made insensible without being first secured; the chloroform may, it is true, be suddenly applied on a handkerchief to the nose of an animal, but the creature turns its head aside or runs away without breathing any of the vapor. If a handkerchief wetted with sufficient chloroform to cause insensibility is suddenly applied to a person's face, the pungency of the vapor is so great as immediately to interrupt the breathing, and the individual could not inhale it even if he should wish. From all these facts it is evident that chloroform cannot be given to a person in his sober senses without his knowledge and full consent, except by main force. It is certain, therefore, that this agent cannot be employed in a public street or thoroughfare; and as the force that would be required to make a person take it against his will would be more than sufficient to effect a robbery, and enough to effect any other felony by ordinary means, it would afford no help to the criminal in more secluded situations. Supposing that the felon, or felons, could succeed in keeping a handkerchief closely applied to the face, the person attacked would only begin to breathe the chloroform when thoroughly exhausted by resistance or want of breath, and when, in fact, the culprits could effect their purpose without it.

A proof of these positions was afforded by the circumstances attending a case in which chloroform really was used for the purpose of committing a robbery. A man contrived to secrete himself under a bed in an hotel at Kendal, and at midnight attempted to give chloroform to an elderly gentleman in his sleep. The effect of this was to awaken him, and though the robber used such violence that the night-dress of his victim was covered

with blood, and the bedding fell on the floor in the scuffle, he did not succeed in his purpose; the people in the house were disturbed, the thief secured, tried, and punished by eighteen months' hard labor.

When, therefore, we hear marvellous tales of persons going along the street being rendered suddenly insensible, and in that state robbed, it may fairly be concluded that *all* the facts are not stated, and that chloroform is brought forward to smother something which it may not be convenient to make known.

The conclusion, so eagerly jumped at, that because people had been robbed in an unusual manner, they had certainly been chloroformed, reminds us of a story of a very respectable quack, who was in the habit of listening to the statements of his clients, and, under pretence of retiring to a closet to meditate, there opened a book which contained cures for all diseases, and on whatever remedy his eye first fell, that he resolved to try.

On one fine morning he was summoned to a girl, who, being tickled whilst holding some pins in her mouth, unfortunately swallowed one, which stuck in her throat. The friends, with some justice, urged the doctor to depart from his usual custom, and do something instantly for the relief of the sufferer; but the sage was inexorable, and declined to yield to their entreaties, though their fears that the damsel would be choked before the remedy arrived were energetically expressed. Happily they were groundless, for, on his return, the doctor ordered a scalding hot poultice to be applied over the whole abdomen, which, being done, an involuntary spasmodic action was excited, the pin was ejected, and the doctor's fame and his practice greatly extended. The remedy had certainly the charm of novelty, but will scarcely do to be relied on in similar cases.

A very remarkable difference exists between persons as to their capability of bearing pain; generally those of high sensitiveness and intellectuality, whose nerves, in common parlance, are finely strung, evince the greatest susceptibility. To them a scratch or trifling wound, which others would scarcely feel, is really a cause of acute pain. The late Sir Robert Peel presented this condition in a marked degree; a slight bite from a monkey at the Zoological Gardens, some time before his death, caused him to faint; and, after the sad accident which took him from among us, it was found impossible to make a full and satisfactory examination of the seat of injury, from the exquisite torment which the slightest movement or handling of the parts occasioned. Some serious injury had been inflicted near the collar-bone; and a forcible contrast to the illustrious statesman is presented by General Sir John Moore, who, on the field of Corun-

na, received his mortal wound in the same situation. The following is the account given by Sir William Napier:—

"Sir John Moore, while earnestly watching the result of the fight about the village of Elvina, was struck on the left breast by a cannon-shot. The shock threw him from his horse with violence, but he rose again in a sitting posture, his countenance unchanged, and his steadfast eye still fixed on the regiments engaged in his front, no sigh betraying a sensation of pain. In a few moments, when he was satisfied that the troops were gaining ground, his countenance brightened and he suffered himself to be taken to the rear. Then was seen the dreadful nature of his hurt. The shoulder was shattered to pieces, the arm was hanging by a piece of skin, the ribs over the heart were broken and bared of flesh, and the muscles of the breast torn into long strips, which were interlaced by their recoil from the dragging of the shot. As the soldiers placed him in a blanket, his sword got entangled, and the hilt entered the wound. Captain Hardinge (the present Lord Hardinge), a staff officer, who happened to be near, attempted to take it off, but the dying man stopped him, saying, 'It is as well as it is; I had rather it should go out of the field with me;' and in that manner, so becoming a soldier, Moore was borne from the fight."

From the spot where he fell, the general was carried to the town by a party of soldiers; his blood flowed fast, and the torture of his wound was great, yet such was the unshaken firmness of his mind, that those about him, judging from the resolution of his countenance that his hurt was not mortal, expressed a hope of his recovery; hearing this, he looked steadfastly at the injury for a moment, and then said, "No, I feel that to be impossible."

Several times he caused his attendants to stop and turn him round, that he might behold the field of battle, and when the firing indicated the advance of the British, he discovered his satisfaction and permitted the bearers to proceed. Being brought to his lodgings, the surgeons examined his wound, but there was no hope; the pain increased, and he spoke with great difficulty. . . . His countenance continued firm, and his thoughts clear; once only, when he spoke of his mother, he became agitated; but he often inquired after the safety of his friends and the officers of his staff, and he did not, even in this moment, forget to recommend those whose merit had given them claims to promotion. His strength failed fast, and life was just extinct, when, with an unsubdued spirit, he exclaimed, "I hope the people of England will be satisfied—I hope my country will do me justice!" And so he died.

It is to be hoped that intense mental pre-

occupation somewhat blunted the sufferings of the general, but a strong high courage prevented any unseemly complaint. We ourselves have seen many instances in an operating theatre—a far severer test of true courage than the excitement of battle—where mutilations the most severe have been borne with unflinching courage; more frequently by women than by men. Perhaps the coolest exhibition of fortitude under such a trial was exhibited by a tailor, who effectually cleared his profession of the standing reproach, showing nine times the pluck of ordinary men. This man's right leg was removed below the knee, long before chloroform was known; on being placed on the table, he quietly folded his arms, and surveyed the preliminary proceedings with the coolness of a disinterested spectator. He closed his eyes during the operation, but his face remained unchanged, and he apologized for starting when a nerve was snipped. When all was over he rose, quietly thanked the operator, bowed to the spectators, and was carried out of the theatre. We grieve to say the poor fellow died, to the regret of every one who witnessed his heroic courage.

The most remarkable account of indifference to pain with which we are acquainted, is that, by Mr. Catlin, of the self-imposed tortures of the Mandan Indians, in order to qualify themselves for the honored rank of warriors. "One at a time of the young fellows, already emaciated with fasting, and thirsting, and waking, for nearly four days and nights, advanced from the side of the lodge and placed himself on his hands and feet, or otherwise, as best adapted for the performance of the operation, where he submitted to the cruelties in the following manner. An inch or more of the flesh of each shoulder was taken up between the finger and thumb by the man who held the knife in his right hand, and the knife, which had been ground sharp on both edges and then hacked and notched with the blade of another to make it produce as much pain as possible, was forced through the flesh below the fingers, and, being withdrawn, was followed by a splint or skewer from the other, who held a bundle of such in his left hand, and was ready to force them through the wound. There were then two cords lowered down from the top of the lodge, which were fastened to these splints or skewers, and they instantly began to haul him up; he was thus raised until his body was just suspended from the ground, where he rested until the knife and a splint were passed through the flesh or integuments in a similar manner on each arm below the shoulder, below the elbow, on the thighs, and below the knees. In some instances, they remained in a reclining posture on the ground, until this painful operation

was finished, which was performed in all instances exactly on the same parts of the bodies and limbs; and which, in its progress, occupied some five or six minutes.

"Each one was then instantly raised with the cords, until the weight of his body was suspended by them, and then, while the blood was streaming down their limbs, the bystanders hung upon the splints each man's appropriate shield, bow, quiver, &c., and, in many instances, the skull of a buffalo, with the horns on it, was attached to each lower arm, and each lower leg, for the purpose, probably, of preventing, by their great weight, the struggling which might otherwise take place to their disadvantage whilst they were hung up. When these things were all adjusted, each one was raised higher by the cords, until these weights all swung clear from the ground. . . . The unflinching fortitude with which every one of them bore this part of the torture surpassed credibility."

Happily, in this country at least, torture is now only made subservient to the restoration of health; and, more than this, the most timid may survey an expected operation with calm indifference—so far as the pain is concerned; the terrors of the knife are extinguished, and though the result of all such proceedings rests not with man, it is permitted us to apply the resources of our art for the relief of suffering humanity; and the afflicted can, in these times, avail themselves of surgical skill, without passing through the terrible ordeal which formerly filled the heart with dread, and the contemplation of which increased tenfold the gloom of the shadow of the dark valley beyond.

A Few Notes on Shakspeare, with Occasional Remarks on the Emendations of the Manuscript Corrector in Mr. Collier's copy of the Folio, 1632. By the Reverend Alexander Dyce.

This volume is in part the spontaneous contribution of an old commentator, of fresh emendations upon Shakspeare that have dawned upon him from time to time; in part stimulated by Mr. Collier's manuscript-corrector. Mr. Dyce is not so severe as Mr. Singer in his estimate of the unknown emendator; he allows that there is sometimes a happy correction, though a deal is questionable or absurd. He appears to deny the claim of *authority*, put forth by Mr. Collier. Both this volume and Mr. Singer's seem to indicate that neither of the modern editors of Shakspeare are profoundly versed in the verbal archaeology necessary to illustrate the poet.—*Spectator*.

* "Notes on the North American Indians." Vol. II., p. 170.

From Household Words.

GENTLEMEN IN HISTORY.

CICERO defines the Gentiles as those whose ancestors had always been free, and who had never forfeited their civil rights as citizens; therefore the expression *sine gente* meant those who were ignoble by parentage. Thus, the gentleman was originally a slave-master, who prided himself upon a broad distinction between his free blood and the base blood of his dependents. But the gentleman in those days had many attributes of true gentility. He was an educated man; he had polished and gentle manners at home, and was as brave as a lion abroad on the field of battle. Compared with the *plebs* whom he trod under foot he was a scholar, and a man with noble aspirations. First, then, the gentleman in his very early days was not altogether unlike Cincinnatus. In this period of his existence he dropped the plough-handle to lead the Roman legions. He led them to victory, then put aside the sword, and went on with the furrow in which he had left his plough. The trumpets of Rome had no magic notes for him; he was a simple-minded man who did his duty, and was satisfied with the congratulation of his own heart. The gentleman did not, however, long continue to resemble Cincinnatus. He moulded himself to suit the times. For many years he was understood to be a man sprung from a gentle stock, whose necessities did not require labor (except on the battle-field); who would not brook an insult; who valued his honor more than his life; and whose manners were in accordance with those of his contemporary leaders of fashion. He had a stronger admiration for personal courage than for the most splendid scholarship; he loved a strong arm better than a subtle brain. His lady-love preferred to see him a bleeding knight at her feet, rather than a philosopher conquering thought in his closet. And, even now, how many gentle hearts think of him, and wish that he were here, in this present century, with the broken lance buried in his side. He did not learn to read then, but he sat a horse exquisitely.

Presently he began to give a careless glance occasionally at the mysterious letters and the curious crotchets which, hitherto, he had left in contempt to the care of monks and traders. About this time the gentleman grew into something not remotely resembling that Howard, Earl of Surrey, distinguished by Camden as "the first nobleman that illustrated his high birth with the beauty of learning;" who contrived to spread abroad the power of his lance, and to defy the world to find a fairer woman than his Geraldine. Amid all this noise and bombast—this love-sickness and this lance-breaking, he managed to write verses that smoothed with Italian grace the

rugged English of the old fathers. Camden repeats of him: "He was acknowledged to be the gallantest man, the politest lover, and the completest gentleman of his time." He and his co-gentiles lived in a time when the civilized states were struggling to emerge from the barbarisms of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—when the study of law was coming into rivalry with the practice of arms—when the rude pomp of ancient chivalry was giving way before more rational manners—and Petrarch's songs were drowning the savage din of shields and lances. At this time the gentleman began to show faint signs of weakness; signs indeed that did not in the least raise fears for his safety. And, true enough, he recovered sufficiently to display his ancient lineage; to dabble many times in blood; to play false to many women; to kick aside the alphabet and the grammar; and to love liquor. But he had, taken altogether, improved vastly. He began to keep his hands clean from slaughter, and even to pride himself on the appointments of his apparel.

About this stage in his career the gentleman often put aside his sword and lance, to take up the courtier's wand of office—even to throw down his cloak that his sovereign's feet might not be soiled. All these were signs of approaching dissolution. Men began to meddle with him, and to ask impertinent questions about his qualifications. All his long, long life he had been accustomed to work out his own will with his own sword; to assault any dependent with whom he felt displeased; and, in other ways, to prove his gentility; but now, it seemed, men were arising to doubt whether the little plebeian, in his coarse swaddling clothes, was not the natural equal of the little patrician muffled in lace—whether, by dint of hard study and natural intelligence, little *pleb* might not be a better gentleman than little patrician. These questions were raised when the gentleman of the old leaven was visibly declining, day by day; when coarse oaths no longer fell from his lips; when he could not consume his full quantity of sack; when rust had gathered upon the points of his lances; and when his dependents forgot to place their necks under his gentlemanly foot. In this melancholy time of the gentleman's existence, men began to sum into one dreadful catalogue the dreadful deeds of which he had been guilty. They allowed that, in the intervals to which I have referred—when he became conspicuous for occasional grace or shining virtue—he had done great good to the state; but when against these few intervals of light, they began to unfold the dark shadows that belonged to the older years of his existence, he began to be looked upon as a monstrosity. It was said that he had committed all the worst actions of a thousand years; that he

had seldom respected the women of whose graces he had pretended to say pretty things; that he had sacked cities; had turned his sword against the people; had subjected the interest of tens of thousands to his avarice; had blinded the eyes of the many, that only he and his might take advantage of the sunlight. This was a terrible stage in the career of the gentleman; a stage to which the present gentleman sometimes looks back with a feeling of profound commiseration.

About the year sixteen hundred and twenty Henry Peachum published *The Compleat Gentleman*; and ten years afterwards Richard Brathwait gave to the world his *English Gentleman*. Brathwait, in his dedicatory preface, holds virtue to be "the greatest signal and symbol of gentry;" while Henry Peachum discoursed learnedly on the heraldic distinctions of gentility. Brathwait says that the gentleman is rather manifested "by goodness of person than by greatness of place." "For, however," he continues, "the vulgar honor the purple more than the person, descent more than desert, title than merit—that adulterate gentility which degenerates from the worth of her ancestors derogates likewise from the birth of her ancestors. And there be such whose infant effeminacie, youthful delicacie, or native liberty, hath estranged them from the knowledge of moral or divine mysteries: so as they may be well compared to the ostrich, who (as the naturall historian reports) hath the wings of an eagle, but never mounts: so have these the eagle wings of contemplation, being indued with the intellectual faculties of a reasonable soul; yet either intangled with the lightnesses of vanity, or trashed with the heavy poises of self-conceit and singularitie, they never mount above the verge of sensuall pleasure." So far back, then, as the reign of Charles the First men began to assert—to the extreme annoyance of the gentleman—that refinement and rectitude were the chief attribute of gentility; that a man might have a great many quarterings and a great many vulgarities; be the son of a lord and the son of a sot.

At this time the vigor of the gentleman began to decline; "I am here," said Brathwait, "to tender unto your honor's judicious view a gentleman quite of another garbe: one, whom education hath made formall enough, without apish formalitie, and conceiving enough without selfe-admiring arrogancie. A good Christian in devout practising, no lesse than zealous professing; yet none of the forwardst in discoursing of religion. For hee observes (as long experience hath brought him to be a judicious observer) that discourse of religion hath so occupied the world, as it hath well near driven the practice thereof out of the world. Hee esteemes such only happy who are of that number whom the world ac-

counts fooles, but God wise men. Hee observes the whole fabricke of humane power, and hee concludes with the preacher; *Æquid tam vanum!* Hee notes how the flesh, becoming obedient, behaveth herselfe as a faithfull servant to the soule: this governeth, the other is governed;—this commandeth, the other obeyeth. This is the gentleman whom I have presumed to recommend to your protection;—and to you hee makes recourse, not so much for shelter as honor: for his title it exempts him from servile bashfulness—being an English gentleman." And then he continues to rate the ancient gentleman on his haughtiness to the "groundlings." He reminds him of his follies and his sensual debasement, and tells him, after Phavrinus, that they who suck sows' milk will love wallowing in the mire.

All these hard things the gentleman of the olden time could not take in good part. He felt that his end was approaching; that for him, and for those like him, these subtle reasons and poor phantasies of poetic minds were not proper food; and so he laid aside his lance, broke up his helmet, lowered the crest that had never quivered before a foe, gave his gauntlets to his servants, his jewelled sword-handle to his mistresses, his drinking-cup to his oldest retainer, and, with a proud look, expired.

The modern gentleman was born in an age of millinery, to succeed the ancient gentleman. In his greenest youth he had the milliner's taste of Charles the Second, the spirit and grace of Rochester, and the vices of both. He only wanted virtue to make him perfect. Yet, had he been virtuous, the gentleman in those days would have cut a sorry figure at court. At one moment he actually did threaten to become virtuous and patriotic; but he was warned by the axe that gleamed over the heads of Algernon Sidney and Lord William Russell. He prided himself on his smart sayings. He took particular pride in personal adornment; adopted satins and lace and powder, and wore patches. But even then, in his foolish youth, he was a visible improvement upon the older gentleman. He drank less; he swore less; he treated his inferiors with better grace; and he began to pride himself upon his intellectual accomplishments. Selden, in his *Titles of Honor*, describes his youth very closely. In default of tournaments, he took to a long credit with his tailor. He laid down laws for the government of his toilet; and finally succeeded in establishing a tyranny which he called Fashion. All this occupied some years; but presently he grew into a shape resembling that of Phillip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield. And now I find him describing graceful manners as the great essential for a

man of the world, and recommending a course of gentlemanly irregularities. Samuel Johnson, who came across him, said of him, with his severe frown, that he was a wit among lords and a lord among wits; and of his advice, that he taught the morality of a profligate, and the manners of a dancing-master.

But the gentleman, having once become a dandy and a loose courtier, could not long resist those extravagances to which his precepts naturally tended. Accordingly I find him at Bath, the monarch of fashion, in a coach—that would rouse the envy of any lord mayor—preceded through the streets by trumpeters, courted by thousands of ladies, and laying down the laws of a ball-room with the arrogance of an autocrat. Here is the modern gentleman in his early manhood, in a white cocked hat, paying for his golden coach at the gaming table; and here, shortly afterwards, is Blackstone, trying his hand at the portrait: “Whosoever studieth the laws of the realm; who studieth in the universities; who professeth the liberal sciences; and (to be short) who can live idly and without manual labor, and well bear the port, charge, and countenance of a gentleman, he shall be called master, and taken for a gentleman.”

Thus the true gentleman was not permitted to work, except at the law. He might gamble, but he could not keep accounts; he might repeatedly become bankrupt, but he might not know how to register his debts and assets. The gentleman had money left him that had been made in trade; but he could not be a trader and remain a gentleman. It was reported that one of his relations was in business; and this report would have excluded him from a club at which his name had been proposed, had not a friend explained that although the father was in business, he could assure them on his honor that if the son met the vulgar fellow in the street he would not so far forget himself as to speak to him. This explanation sufficed; and the junior gentleman became a member of the Salt-Club.

Time wore on—and ventured to touch once more the features of the gentleman. Like the ancient gentleman, he changed with the world. Successively I find him nearly resembling the “most finished gentleman in Europe”—and Beau Brummel. He paraded his gentility in satin smalls, in diamond epaulets, in designs for coats. If he had faith in anything it was in clothes. He studied every attitude, until he took off his hat and bowed to the admiration of a most critical world. He was up to the ears in debt, and he looked every inch a prince. When he had no further need of his friends, he put them on one side, as he threw his gloves to his valet. When a question bored him, he answered it with adroit evasion.

But he has survived many of these falsities and absurdities; yet the gentleman of to-day challenges criticism in many respects. Even now he is not very mindful of his debts; unless he contracts them at the gaming-table. He retains a strong antipathy to retail traders; but waives his objection to trade when the dealer is a rich wholesale man; and has no objection to appear at a police-office. Strange remnants of the ancient gentleman and of the modern gentleman's own youth cling to him still. He has become more liberal; but he still loves to paint his shield up all over his house without showing that he is worthy to wear it.

We have hedged round certain classes with a spurious code of honor; the noble may sneer at the tradesman, and the tradesman pass the sneer on to the mechanic; yet are we wrong if we decide that gentlemen are to be found in every rank—are sheltered as well under a thatch, full of sacred robins, as under a gilded dome? The humble-minded, the enduring, the charitable and the chaste, we may take to be the gentlefolk of the world, and their homes may be the mud-huts that skirt our public roads, as well as the lordly castles which frown from the steepest hills. Who can dissent from Tennyson when he sings—

Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'T is only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

'T IS EIGHTY YEARS SINCE.—As the gaming and extravagance of young men of quality had arrived now at a pitch never heard of, it is worth while to give some account of it. They had a club at Almacks, in Pall Mall, where they played only for rouleaus of 50*l.* each, and generally there were 10,000*l.* in specie on the table. Lord Holland had paid above 20,000*l.* for his two sons. Nor were the manners of the gamblers, or even their dresses for play, undeserving notice. They began by pulling off their embroidered clothes, and put on frieze great-coats, or turned their coats inside outwards for luck. They put on pieces of leather (such as are worn by footmen when they clean the knives), to save their laced ruffles; and to guard their eyes from the light, and to prevent tumbling their hair, wore high-crowned straw hats with broad-brims, and adorned with flowers and ribbons; masks to conceal their emotions when they played at quinzé. Each gamester had a small neat stand by him to hold his tea; or a wooden bowl with an edge of ormolu, to hold his rouleaus. They borrowed great sums of Jews, at exorbitant premiums. Charles Fox called his outward room, where those Jews waited till he rose, his Jerusalem Chamber.—*Horace Walpole, in Lord John Russell's Memorials of Fox.*

From the Examiner.

Life of Benjamin Robert Haydon, Historical Painter, from his Autobiography and Journals. Edited and compiled by TOM TAYLOR, of the Inner Temple, Esq., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, &c. 3 vols. Longman and Co.

MR. TAYLOR has executed with great tact and good taste his part in this painful and melancholy book. The few lines in which he characterizes it at the close will show how steadily he keeps his own judgment of its hero unimpaired. He calls it the record of a life "begun in high aspiration, urged through great varieties of fortune, reduced often to the deepest humiliation, and not always contained within the metes and bounds of right, embittered by perpetual conflict, cheered by the most buoyant self-confidence, misled in most points by a ludicrous vanity, and closed by a catastrophe, to which inveterate self-assertion and the love of effect concurred strangely with the distraction of pecuniary troubles and the sickening of hope deferred."

That is no doubt the truth; and whether it is what Haydon himself supposed he was setting down, is less material. Mr. Taylor seems to go a little too far when in his brief preface he expresses his belief that the vainest human being knows himself better than the most clear-sighted observer knows him. If this were true, the poet need never have wished for the gift to see himself as others saw him—possessing already the more precious gift of autobiography to enable others to see him as he sees himself. But how many are there that will take the pains to penetrate through the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal of self-laudation and assertion, to the still small accents of the *real self*? His misstatements, exaggerations, and perversions, says Mr. Taylor of the autobiographer, are characteristic. Yes—where the character is understood. But an autobiography is a collection of alleged facts as well as a revelation of unconscious metaphysics; and if the falsehood of the one is to constitute the truth of the other, the process becomes rather dangerous when the scene is laid in our own country and century, and the autobiographer is dealing with living reputations. In a word—while we think that Mr. Taylor has admirably performed his task, we have grave doubts whether it is a task that should have been performed at all.

The key to a belief in any part of the book before us is the belief that the writer of it had really the commanding genius of a great painter. If you think that, you may read Haydon's autobiography and journals with patience; if you cannot think that, it is quite impossible. The thing becomes little better than

A chimera and a hideous dream;

such as the man's life must have been who could imagine and write what is set down in it. Mr. Taylor, of course, can hardly fail to be aware of this, and seems now and then indeed to confess as much. "There is," he remarks, "much probability (*admitting his claims to the title of a man of high genius*) in the reasons he gives," &c., &c. Vol. ii., p. 183. But what if we do not admit his claims, &c.? His reasons then become surely very unreasonable. Perhaps we are to accept another remark which slips from Mr. Taylor as an indication that he has even felt it so much as to have acted on it occasionally, and interfered somewhat with the purity (or impurity) of his author's text. Speaking of a description of Lord Egremont's hospitality Mr. Taylor says, "the emotions and impressions it discloses belong so peculiarly to Haydon, that I insert it *without change*." We do not quote this for the sake of objection, because no doubt Mr. Taylor has had the best reasons for whatever changes he may have made; but we point to it in support of our feeling that the book had better have been left altogether in manuscript. Mr. Taylor is far too just and thoughtful a man not frequently to betray uneasiness over his task. He thinks, however, that because men high in rank have sanctioned the publication of private journals, and because the journalist himself may appear by certain expressions to have journalized for the public, he is justified as Mr. Haydon's editor. We have some doubt on both points.

Large excisions have of course been made. Yet we must frankly confess, as far as the means of judging are afforded us, we do not quite understand the principle on which they have proceeded. Mr. Taylor thinks it right to introduce from the journals a most laudatory notice of a living sculptor, with deprecation of any supposed violation of confidence in doing so; yet he thinks it equally right to point a harsh allusion to a living academician whom Haydon had left unnamed, by supplying his supposed name in a note. Again, in quoting a depreciatory notice of two living painters, he interposes a remark of his own to save one of them from the full force of the censure, leaving the other entirely exposed to it. All this, we cannot help saying, is unintelligible to us. Violated confidences affect alike the living and the dead, and all harsh criticism should be softened, if it is thought fit or becoming to moderate any.

Taking an instance from the dead, we are free to say that we think Hazlitt's memory was worth some protection, and that, as an editorial privilege was claimed at all, a few words might have been interposed before a description which would have us believe Hazlitt to have been a "singular mixture of friend and fiend, radical and critic" (why the

last should be a singular mixture we cannot for the life of us conceive), "on whose word no one could rely, on whose heart no one could calculate," &c. In the same execrable bad taste is an account of a christening party at Hazlitt's. Does any one believe it?

I sat down; the company began to drop in—Charles Lamb and his poor sister—all sorts of odd, clever people. Still no dinner. At last came in a maid, who laid a cloth and put down knives and forks in a heap. Then followed a dish of potatoes, cold, waxy, and yellow. Then came a great bit of beef with a bone like a battering-ram, toppling on all its corners. Neither Hazlitt nor Lamb seemed at all disturbed, but set to work helping each other; while the boy, half-clean and obstinate, kept squalling to put his fingers into the gravy.

Or does any one believe what is printed a few pages further on, where this same admirable writer, Hazlitt, is called a compound "of malice, candor, cowardice, genius, purity, vice, democracy and conceit," and found "arranging his hair before a glass, trying different effects, and asking my advice, whether he should show his forehead more or less!"—which grateful and graceful statement immediately follows the mention of a "capital criticism" which Hazlitt had been writing upon Haydon's Judgment of Solomon.

As little faith have we, we must add, in the "hectic, spare, weakly yet intellectual-looking creature carving a bit of brocoli or cabbage in his plate, as if it had been the substantial wing of a chicken," which is introduced to us at a party of deistical gentlemen and ladies as Shelley, opening the conversation at a dinner not less memorable than Hazlitt's, "by saying in the most feminine and gentle voice, as to that detestable religion the Christian—" A very likely opening of a conversation, truly! Especially when we are asked to believe that the expression was dropped as a mere trumpet of defiance to the eminently Christian and religious painter, who "was to be set at that evening, *vi et armis*," by this shocking set of deistical poets and editors. Nor, refusing to accept such a likeness of Shelley, do we recognize any more reliable likeness in a sketch of Keats "for six weeks scarcely sober," and so given to "gratify his appetites" (Mr. Haydon, of course, had no appetites to gratify) that he "once covered his tongue and throat as far as he could reach with Cayenne pepper, in order to appreciate the delicious coldness of claret in all its glory." The truth is that Haydon was as impatient of successful poets as of successful painters (unless like Wordsworth they ministered to his own glory), because he felt that here, as well as in painting, he ought himself to have been, and was not, a grand reputation. His own persuasion about himself is briefly that he could have succeeded in any-

thing. He considers himself, he says in one passage, and ever shall, "A man of great powers excited to an art which limits their exercise." He tells us plainly that if he had turned to politics, or law, or literature, he 'd have made his fortune, and how the deuce can he be patient of anybody who had really turned to the right thing and succeeded in it?

The pity he has for people that assisted him all they could, and were then obliged to stop, is a fine stroke of character. "Leigh, poor fellow, could not spare his money long enough to be of service, but he did his best;" and by way of reward, this "poor fellow," with much very manifest and condescending effort in the way of praise, receives the continual sneers of the journalist. When, towards the close of his life, he was besieging all kinds of people for money to pay the expense of his son's Cambridge education, the question occurs to him, on getting several refusals, that "is it not extraordinary that the enormous consequences of assisting a talented youth in such a crisis did not, in the minds of the nobility, outweigh every other feeling?" The kindly admiration he expresses for Mrs. Coutts, at a time he is receiving munificent relief from her husband, by recalling his former knowledge of her as Miss Mellon when she was living under the protection of Mr. Coutts, is another characteristic trait. It is another, we think, that when George IV. bought his Mock Election, he attributed such favor with his sovereign to Mr. Seguir; and when the king did not buy Punch, he attributed his *disfavor* to the same source. "Had not his [the king's] wishes been perpetually thwarted, he would have given me ample and adequate employment." His alternations of fulsome praise and petty abuse of such men as Peel, and of many others, have only this meaning.

It is the same in matters of political opinion. Everything is judged with its reference to himself. After pronouncing a sort of funeral eulogium on George IV. as the savior of his country and the purchaser of the Mock Election, a thoroughbred Englishman and "my sincere admirer," he supports Reform because he thinks that high art may profit by a general overthrow of corporate bodies, which he expects as its result. He is for putting down kings till William IV. heads the subscription list of his Xenophon. He is in boiling heat about the Bill and nothing but the Bill till his Reform picture is painted, and then, when its exhibition has turned out a failure, he begins to discover that the whigs are unpopular with the middle classes. He speeds the parting, and welcomes the coming guests, in Downing Street, with an agility and self-possession that would do credit to the Vicar of Bray; and the complacency with which, when he finds Wellington once more in power,

he addresses him in the character of a *conservative* whig, while his bellowing at the Birmingham Unions is still aching in one's ears, is really supremely ludicrous.

Everything and all things in the book, in brief, not merely his struggles, or his sufferings, but his opinions, his patrons, his friends, high art, low art, even the Elgin Marbles, take page after page the color of himself. They are great or little in that reflection. What is vast becomes nothing if he is not concerned in it. What is trifling starts into the gigantic if it relates in any way to *him*. He carries this disease wherever he goes, and in whatever scene he displays himself. At a funeral he pants for distinction, confessing his anger that at Opie's he was not in the first coach. At a lord's house he glories in having been put into one of the most magnificent bed-rooms he ever saw, thinking "it speaks more for what he thinks of my talents than anything that ever happened to me!" In the Insolvent Court his heart swells and his chest heaves up as he fancies he sees the judges with their glasses darting their eyes at him with interest. To the pawnbroker he carries his studies, his prints, his lay figures; but his "darling authors," his Homer, Tasso, Shakespeare, Vasari—no, his heart is firm, and he keeps them. He would have you believe this a symptom of congenial greatness, and that he could not have lived without them. His most startling contrasts, even those which are thrown out by way of reproach to his countrymen, take the same color from his thoughts at the moment. If he is in a happy mood he contrasts himself with his old fellow-student, Wilkie—the latter successful, but depressed, and sunk down into an emaciated old bachelor—himself full of difficulties, harass, and trouble, but rosy, plump, with a large family and a dear wife. If he is in the mood less gracious he compares "E. L. lounging through Bond Street on a blood-horse, with a white hat, and all the airs of a man of fashion," with himself, E. L.'s instructor and master, trudging on with seven children at his back, and no money. Yet there is never a single such contrast or comparison (as of himself with Sir Charles Long, of Chantrey with Stothard, and fifty others we could name) that really does not involve some bitter and manifest injustice.

In a word, the whole of these journals and memoirs of Haydon form absolutely a monstrous and ridiculous exaggeration, which would be little if it only involved himself, but which assumes a grave importance from the injustice it involves to others. We don't mean to say that his theoretical views are not often very sound, and urged with great ability and spirit; we are far from thinking that the academicians of his early day may not, for the most part, have deserved all he

said and says of them; but we may believe all this, and hold our belief at the same time that he fails to make out his own case for himself. At very first starting, for instance, we are not to understand that this young painter failed from his inability to square what he did with what he aspired to do, but because a combination was formed against him, because the then editor of the journal in which we are writing did not give him good advice, because his fellow-students deserted him and were treacherous, and because, at the age of twenty-six, he wrote a series of papers so crushing, so annihilating to the false artistic theories then prevalent, that the forty academicians "and all their high connections" were from that instant sworn to his ruin.

Yet let us say that this most assuredly was not so. Haydon began the world with kind friends and hearty patrons; and it was mainly his own want of the qualities that rivet friendship and justify patronage, which left him a poor and friendless man. Because in his three-and-twentieth year his *Dentatus* was ill-hung at the Royal Academy, he says that everybody turned their backs upon him who till then had been feasting and flattering him, that he was deserted like a leper, abused like a felon, and ridiculed as if his pretensions were the delusions of a madman. Except that his pretensions always for the most part appear to have something of the latter color, we cannot bring ourselves to believe a word of this. In the very next page he is a visitor at Sir George Beaumont's (who warns him against the "terrific democratic notions" of Wordsworth), and receives a commission from him. In the next year he gets the British Institution prize for the very picture to whose ill-treatment by the Academy he attributes his ruin. His next large picture as soon as exhibited is bought by two kind bankers of his native county. Wordsworth addresses sonnets to him, everybody is kind and encouraging, and he seems to us to have been only ruined by his posterous vanity. He would not take commissions for small pictures that he might have had; often he botched (as in Sir George Phillips' and other cases) such commissions as he had been paid for; and in short he was too obstinate and self-willed, as well as improvident and careless, to be served or saved by any reasonable amount of encouragement or kindness.

This book, therefore, which he meant to be his appeal to posterity, raises really serious doubts on the only point which could justify any appeal whatever. A kind friend advanced him a thousand pounds to support him while painting the Jerusalem picture (never repaid of course), and he made some two thousand pounds clear profit by that picture when completed. He had very liberal commissions from Lord Egremont, and several other noblemen.

The king himself bought his Mock Election. He sold immediately his Chaining the Member. He has not only kind landlords who forbear their rent for years, and tavern-keepers who give him credit for unlimited dinners, but he absolutely bewitches an attorney into an offer to serve him, which, if manfully acted up to by himself, might even at the eleventh hour have saved him. We do not mean to say that by a better public feeling and taste in regard to art, and by juster views of the propriety of state patronage in connection with it, his life might not have been made easier and happier. We think also that the Academy could well have afforded to treat him more generously, and that election into it while he was yet in the flush of his powers would certainly have given a steadier and better direction to them. But granting all this, we still say that, with even such genius as he possessed, and such friends as it raised up for him, he might with an ordinary prudence have weathered every storm of life; while, on the other hand, it is our firm conviction that he *could not* have lived and died as he did, if but one half of his own beliefs about himself had been true. It appears to have been the defect of his mind in other things as well as in art to mistake the material for the moral sublime. But this is not a part of the subject we wish to pursue. We simply say that looking only at his latter years, and regarding them as a struggle for existence if not for fame, we see him begging on all sides, getting help from all, and only failing in energy or activity when the opportunity presents itself of repaying or redeeming such obligations. His conduct in the matter of the marvellous attorney who assisted him is the key to his whole character. "It was my duty," he says of a long deferred picture for this munificent friend to which he was at last applying himself, "but I could not get over a certain disgust."

Let it be observed, too, in what direction he expends the money so hardly earned or unfortunately begged. Lord Stafford advances him a certain sum for a picture, and at a time when tradesmen are clamorous on all sides, and he has just with terrible difficulty managed to scrape together money to pay the governess of his children, he devotes Lord Stafford's "timely aid" to the matriculation of one of his step-sons at Oxford. For he had married within a few weeks of one of his greatest distresses (just after he had been speculating on thoughts of suicide) a lady with two children, who brought him infinite wealth of beauty, and kindness, and faithful consolation in all his adversities, but who appears to have contributed nothing in the way of money to their common support. He matriculates at Cambridge the first issue of this marriage at a time when the money so spent leaves him literally penniless. The worst

of his distresses in the last years of his life are owing to the charges thus incident to the education of his son at Cambridge; and some of the most painful entries of his journal in the year before his death are complaints against those who refuse to enable him to meet such charges!

The autobiography appears to have been written in 1842 and 1843, and is carried down to 1820. After that, extracts from the journals he had been in the habit of keeping all his life are supplied by Mr. Taylor in chronological sequence until his death; but as similar extracts from those journals had entered largely into the compilation of the memoirs, the book has greater unity of effect than might have been expected. There can be no doubt that Haydon writes clearly and pleasantly, is not without a strong sense of humor, produces life-like effects in sketching with his pen, and reproduces warm and vivid impressions. The best parts of the autobiography, especially the early sketches of Northcote, Fuseli, Wilkie, and Jackson, and the notices of his enthusiasm connected with the Elgin Marbles (one of the few genuine emotions, as we imagine, of his life), have in substance already appeared, from time to time, in his published lectures. The vice of obvious exaggeration is in them, as it is everywhere; but yet we cannot wholly divest ourselves of a certain charm as of a real truthfulness, in this part of the work. It is to be remarked, unfortunately, that the sense of personal display is never absent. In his account of his boyhood, of his choice of a profession, of parting from his home and his mother—where we might otherwise have been much affected and pleased—it so forcibly obtrudes itself that we lose all sense of the simple fidelity which could alone sustain the charm of such pretty sketches. As the journals proceed this impression becomes more and more decisive. Nothing appears to have substantive existence in them but Haydon and his affairs. He introduces many famous names, but within his shadow all of them dwindle, or in his glory become but pale reflections. Nowhere do we feel this so oddly as where he has all the leading politicians to sit to him for his Reform picture. In selecting from the journals filled with the conversations of his celebrated sitters, Mr. Taylor has been anxious to avoid inserting anything that could wound personal susceptibilities; but he might have spared himself that anxiety, for, as it is, everybody that talks, talks Haydon, and what has been omitted could only have a little more strengthened in this respect the impression of what is left. The exception is perhaps Lord Melbourne, as here we find some of the broadest and best known characteristics of the man grafted on the Haydonisms.

There may have been a certain unconsciousness in all this—no doubt in some

respects there was. We may briefly point at one instance to which the wit of Molière alone can supply a parallel. Who does not remember his immortal poet, who, after haranguing on the folly of authors who pester people by reading their own compositions, takes a paper out of his pocket and begins, "By the by, here are some little verses of mine?" — and who will not think of him as he reads this book and stumbles on its character of Wilkie!

Every feeling and theory of Wilkie centres in self . . . (ii., p. 200). He is always influenced by his immediate interests or convenience, whatever that may be (p. 209). . . . Wilkie strenuously advised me to get to Italy, family and all. One can't depend on his sincerity. I have got a character, and made a hit in satire; got ground in a style which he finds he cannot touch without being considered an imitator. God knows — he may be sincere. Would to God men had lanterns in their breasts, as Socrates said.

Yet for the man of whom he writes this he had doubtless the strongest affection of which his nature was capable for what did not absolutely belong to, or was part of, himself.

Let us, in another brief extract, show Haydon at the Walmer Church in the Duke of Wellington's pew. This incident occurred when he was taking sittings of the duke for the Liverpool portrait. Peppy's astonishment to see the Duke of York kissing his children as "if he was any private man," is nothing to the amazement with which Haydon sees the Duke of Wellington at his devotions as if he were any private Christian. And see at the close of the description what peeps out: —

A few moments after the service had begun the duke and Mr. Arbutnot came up — no pomp, no servants in livery with a pile of books. The duke came into the presence of his Maker without cant, without affectation, a simple human being.

From the bare wainscot, the absence of curtains, the dirty green footstools, and common chairs, I feared I was in the wrong pew, and very quietly sat myself down in the duke's place. Mr. Arbutnot squeezed my arm before it was too late, and I crossed in an instant. The duke pulled out his prayer-book, and followed the clergyman in the simplest way. I got deeply affected. Here was the greatest hero in the world, who had conquered the greatest genius, prostrating his heart and being before his God in his venerable age, and praying for his mercy. However high his destiny above my own, here we were at least equal before our Creator. Here we were stripped of extrinsic distinctions; and I looked at this wonderful man with an interest and feeling that touched my imagination beyond belief. The silence and embosomed solitude of the village church, the simplicity of its architecture, rather deepened than decreased the depth of my sensibilities. At the name of Jesus Christ the duke bowed his silvery hairs like the

humblest laborer, and yet not more than others, but to the same degree. He seemed to wish for no distinction. At the epistle he stood upright, like a soldier, and when the blessing was pronounced he buried his head in one hand and uttered a prayer as if it came from his heart in humbleness.

Arthur Wellesley in the village church of Walmer this day was more interesting to me than at the last charge of the Guards at Waterloo, or in all the glory and paraphernalia of his entry into Paris. I would not have missed seeing him, for this will be the germ of some interesting work of art — perhaps his youth, his manhood, and his age, in a series.

As we have thus shown Haydon at church, let us also show him in the private praying of his journal — a very odious and offensive part of it to us, we must say. The first of these prayers is on the eve of one of his exhibitions (in 1823); the second is dated in 1845, not many months before his death.

23d—28th. — All anxiously employed in getting up my picture, arranging the room, and, thank God, all is now ready. Grant, O God, that nothing untoward may happen, and that all may turn out gloriously and triumphantly.

O God, Thou hast brought me to the point, bring me through that point. Grant, during the exhibition, nothing may happen to dull its success, but that it may go on in one continual stream of triumphant success, to the last instant. O God, Thou knowest I am in the clutches of a villain; grant me the power entirely to get out of them, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. And subdue the evil disposition of that villain, so that I may extricate myself from his power, without getting further into it. Grant this for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen, with all my soul.

March 1st. — The private day was to-day, and the success complete and glorious. O God, accept my gratitude!

Good heavens! Gurwood has cut his throat. The man who had headed the forlorn hope at Ciudad Rodrigo — the rigid soldier — the iron-nerved hero, had not morale to resist the relaxation of nerve brought on by his over-anxiety about the duke's Despatches.

Where is the responsibility of a man with mind so easily affected by body? Romilly, Castlereagh, and Gurwood!

I ordered the third canvas immediately, as I now foresaw the conclusion of Nero. I knelt down and prayed God to bless my third in the series, as he had blessed my two first.

31st. — The end of 1845 is approaching rapidly — ten minutes after nine. I prayed at the end of 1844 that I might get through the great works in hand. I have accomplished (all but) Aristides and Nero, of the six contemplated. O God! grant that no difficulty, however apparently insurmountable, may conquer my spirit, or prevent me from bringing to a triumphant conclusion my six works originally designed for the old House.

I prayed in 1844 that my son might be brought

through his degree. It was by Thy mercy completed, and yet at the time I prayed I had not a guinea.

I prayed to accomplish Aristides and Nero; I have attained, by Thy blessing, my desire. I prayed for health—I have had it. I prayed for blessings on my family—they have been blessed. Can I feel grateful enough? Never.

I now pray, O Almighty, surrounded with difficulties, and in great necessity, that I may accomplish two more of my six—that I may sell the two I have done, and be employed for the remaining four!

O God! not mine, but Thy will be done! Give me eyes and intellect, and energy and health, till the last gush of existence, and I'll bear up, and get through, under Thy blessing, my six works to illustrate the best government for mankind!

Let us close with two quotations that are somewhat more agreeable. The first is from Wilkie's description (in 1816) to Haydon of the Duke of Wellington's visit to commission him for a picture—the first thought of the famous Chelsea Pensioners.

The party consisted of the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Lady Argyle and another lady, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Lynedoch, to all of which the latter introduced me as they came in. When they went up stairs they were first occupied in looking at the pictures severally, but without entering into conversation further than by expressing a general approbation. The duke, on whom my attention was fixed, seemed pleased with them, and said in his firm voice, "very good," "capital," &c., but said nothing in the way of remark, and seemed indeed not much attended to by the company, of whom the ladies began to talk a good deal. They went on in this way for a considerable time, and I had every reason to feel satisfied with the impression my works seemed to make on the Duke and Duchess of Bedford and the others, but though the Duke of Wellington seemed full of attention, I felt disappointed with his silence. At last Lady Argyle began to tell me that the duke wished me to paint him a picture, and was explaining what the subject was, when the duke, who was at that time seated on a chair and looking at one of the pictures that happened to be on the ground, turned to us, and swinging back upon the chair, turned up his lively eye to me, and said that the subject should be a parcel of old soldiers assembled together on their seats at the door of a public-house, chewing tobacco and talking over their old stories. He thought they might be in any uniform, and that it should be at some public-house in the king's road, Chelsea. I said this would make a most beautiful picture, and that it only wanted some story or a principal incident to connect the figures together; he said perhaps playing at skittles would do, or any other game. When I proposed that one might be reading a newspaper aloud to the rest, and that in making a sketch of it many other incidents would occur, in this he perfectly agreed, and said I might send the sketch to him when he

was abroad. He then got up and looked at his watch, and said to the company his time was nearly out, as he had to go and dine with the Duke of Cambridge.

With respect to the appearance of the man, none of the portraits of him are like him. He is younger and fresher, more active and lively, and in his figure more clean made and firmer built than I was led to expect. His face is in some respects odd; has no variety of expression, but his eye is extraordinary, and is almost the only feature I remember, but I remember it so well that I think I see it now. It has not the hungry and devouring look of Bonaparte, but seems to express in its liveliness the ecstasy that an animal would express in an active and eager pursuit.

The last is a very pretty description by Haydon himself—one of those infrequent descriptions into which no vanity or selfishness intrudes—of a visit to the Church of Stratford on Avon.

A more delightful place could not have been found. It is Shakespeare in every leaf. It must have been chosen by himself as he stood in the chancel musing on the fate of the dead about him, and listening to the humming murmur and breezy rustle of the river and trees by which it stands. The most poetical imagination could not have imagined a burial-place more worthy, more suitable, more English, more native for a poet than this—above all, for Shakespeare. As I stood over his grave and read his pathetic entreaty and blessing on the reader who revered his remains, and curses on him who dared to touch; as I looked up at his simple, unaffected bust, executed while his favorite daughter was living, and put up by her husband; as I listened to the waving trees and murmuring Avon, saw the dim light of the large windows, and thought I was hearing what Shakespeare had often heard, and was standing where he had stood many times, I was deeply touched. The church alone, from the seclusion of its situation, with the river and trees, and sky and tombs, was enough to call out one's feelings; but add to this, that the remains of Shakespeare were near me, prostrate, decaying, and silent in a grave he had himself pointed out, in a church where he had often prayed, and with an epitaph he had himself written while living, and it is impossible to say where on the face of the earth an Englishman should be more affected, or feel deeper, more poetical, or more exquisite emotions. I would not barter that simple, sequestered tomb in Stratford for the Troad, the Acropolis, or the field of Marathon.

The venerable clerk, whose face looked as if not one vicious thought had ever crossed his mind, seeing me abstracted, left me alone after unlocking the door that leads to the churchyard, as much as to say, "Walk there if you please."

I did so, and lounging close to the Avon, turned back to look at the sacred enclosure. The sun was setting behind me, and a golden light and shadow checkered the ancient Gothic windows,

as the trees moved by the evening wind alternately obscured or admitted the sun, I was so close that the tower and steeple shot up into the sky, like some mighty vessel out at sea, which you pass under for a moment, and which, with its gigantic masts, seems to reach the vault of heaven.

Haydon's *Life* will find many readers. As a mere study of character and idiosyncrasies it possesses a strange interest — fascination we might almost say; and it deepens in tragic pathos towards the close, till all is forgotten but the high aspirations of its hero, his wasted powers, his terrible conflicts with disappointment, his melancholy death. It is with unfeigned regret we have found ourselves speaking other than kindly of a man who suffered so greatly, who has left behind him so much that deserves to be regarded with genuine interest, and whose long struggle closed in such misery and despair as might fairly have redeemed what was least worthy of remembrance in it. But this publication made remark necessary in reviving all that might have been best forgotten, and we have spoken of it as kindly as we could consistently with justice.

From the Examiner.

Lord Bacon and Sir Walter Raleigh. By the late MACVEY NAPIER, Esq., Editor of the "Edinburgh Review," and of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

This volume contains an essay on Lord Bacon, read in 1818 to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and a biographical study of Sir Walter Raleigh, first published in the form of a long article in the *Edinburgh Review* nine or ten years ago. As a book it is remarkable for the clearness and simplicity with which use is made in it of a large quantity of reading, solid, earnest, and various, and for the striking contrast offered by its style to the pretensions with which authorities are cited by those who refer at second-hand to books they have never seen. The whole grace of Mr. Napier's style consists in its clearness; he has no other, and the writer does not want another who is extensively acquainted with the matter of which he treats, and can convey his knowledge in plain sentences.

The essay upon Lord Bacon is devoted wholly to a proof of the fact that his genius as a philosopher was widely recognized in his own time and by immediately succeeding generations, in all parts of Europe. The study of Sir Walter Raleigh, which occupies three fourths of the book, is in its kind masterly. It was written after very diligent ex-

amination of authorities, including some both in print and MS., that had before escaped attention. We believe that we may fairly call it the most sensible and thoughtful monograph on Raleigh that has yet been written, though Raleigh's life, either as a sketch or in the set form of a biography, has employed many pens. The biographer of Raleigh who is yet to come will not fail to derive many useful hints from Mr. Napier's article. In the mean time, while we are all waiting for him, the public cannot do better than to turn to this reprint from the scattered works of a deceased scholar, for such a sketch of the adventurous genius and of the good and bad that must be said of him as can be had nowhere else within the compass of a single volume.

THE CABBAGE.

THE CABBAGE, though now exiled in great measure to the tables of rustics, was highly regarded by the ancients. Pliny has extolled its wholesome qualities; Chrysippus, a Greek physician of Gnidos,* wrote a large book in its praise; Nicander, another Greek physician, called it divine (*καττιν*). In Rome it was considered a specific against the plague; and Cato the censor (not he who died at Utica), during a pestilence fed his household upon it as a preservative from infection. The Greeks, Romans and Egyptians, began their repasts with cabbage, believing it to prevent intoxication. In the banquets of the Athenians, upon the birth of a child, *crambe*, or colewort, formed an important part of the good cheer, and was even given to the mother as a restorative. It appears, from some fragments of the Greek comedians, that it was usual among the Ionians to swear by the colewort. Ancient mythologists ascribe a strange origin to the cabbage. Jupiter, say they, was one day so much perplexed in attempting to reconcile two contradictory oracles of destiny, that a profuse perspiration burst out upon his brow, and from the drops, as they fell, the cabbage sprang up.

Formerly, cabbages were esteemed by English herbalists as efficacious in the early stage of consumption. A cabbage is sculptured at the feet of the effigy of Sir Anthony Ashley, on his tomb at Winborne, St. Giles, Dorsetshire, in memory of his having revived in England the culture of that vegetable, which, before his time, was annually imported from Holland, though it had been formerly well known to our Saxon ancestors, who called the month of February sprout-kail, or the sprouting of the cabbage. The different varieties of cabbage all have their origin from the *crambe maritima*, or sea-side cabbage (*sea-kail*)

* In Caria.

which is still found wild in some parts of England, and especially in the neighborhood of Dover. Broccoli was brought from Italy to France at the end of the sixteenth century, and thence to England. Cauliflower (that most delicate species of cabbage), which Dr. Johnson pronounced to be the finest of all the flowers in the garden, was brought from Cyprus to Italy, and thence to France and England, at the close of the seventeenth century.

There has been from time immemorial, in Scotland, some rural superstition ascribing fatidical properties to the cabbage, even as Nicander called it, *μαστιν*, the divine, or the sooth-saying, for the Greek word signifies both. In the witching hours of night, or All-hallows'-E'en, the rustics try their matrimonial fortunes by pulling up cabbages by the root, haphazard and darkling, in the knail-yard. The taste of the pith, sour or sweet, betokens the temper of the future spouse; the shape of the stalk, straight or crooked, the figure; and the absence or presence of clay adhering to the root, a fortune, or no fortune in the match.

The term "cabbage," by which tailors designate the cribbed pieces of cloth, is said to be derived from an old word, *cabesh*, i. e., wind-fallen wood; and their *hell*, wherein they store the cabbage, from *helan*, to hide.

When Diocletian, the Roman Emperor, had grown weary of persecuting the Christians, and satiated with the pomps of the purple, he abdicated, and retired to rural life at Salona,* where his favorite amusement was rearing vegetables. Being importuned by his former colleague in the empire, Maximianus, to seek the restoration of his imperial rank, he refused, saying, in his letter, "If I could but show you the fine cabbages I have reared myself, at Salona, you would no longer talk to me of empire."

The house of Raconis, in Savoy, adopted as their cognizance a cabbage, which was called, in old French, *cabus*; and added as a punning motto, "*Tout n'est*," which, joined to the cognizance, can be read, "*Tout n'est cabus*" (Everything is not cabbage), or "*Tout n'est qu'abus*" (Everything is but abuse); but the pun cannot be preserved in a translation.

Inlegant as is the cabbage in our eyes, it holds proudly up its erect branch of yellow cruciform flowers, when it is running to seed, and thus is more handsome in its old age than in its youth; an advantage it possesses over the human family.

As the cabbage has fallen from its high estate among emperors, nobles, and physicians, and has become but a peasant vegetable, we will associate with it our translation of a rural German song:—

* In Dalmatia.

THE CONTENTED MAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JOHANN MARTIN MILLER.

Was frag Ich viel nach geld und gut?

Why need I strive or sigh for wealth?
It is enough for me
That Heaven hath sent me strength and health,
A spirit glad and free;
Grateful these blessings to receive,
I sing my hymn at morn and eve.

On some, what floods of riches flow!
House, herds, and gold have they;
Yet life's best joys they never know,
But fret their hours away.
The more they have, they seek increase;
Complaints and cravings never cease.

A vale of tears this world they call,
To me it seems so fair;
It countless pleasures hath for all,
And none denied a share.
The little birds, on new-fledged wing,
And insects revel in the spring.

For love of us, hills, woods and plains,
In beauteous hues are clad;
And birds sing far and near sweet strains,
Caught up by echoes glad.
"Rise," sings the lark, "your tasks to ply;"
The nightingale sings "lullaby."

And when the golden sun goes forth,
And all like gold appears,
When bloom o'erspreads the glowing earth,
And fields have ripening ears,
I think these glories that I see
My kind Creator made for me.

Then loud I thank the Lord above,
And say, in joyful mood,
His love, indeed, is Father's love,
He wills to all men good.
Then let me ever grateful live,
Enjoying all He deigns to give.

FORM OF CHIMNEYS. — Some very elementary considerations will show that a great momentum is obtained by a chimney increasing in size upwards, and thus allowing the air to expand. If a person blows in at the expanded end of an ordinary straight trumpet, he will find that there is a great expenditure of wind to no purpose, the force being entirely lost, and no vibration produced in the metal; but if he turns it round, and blows in at the small end, he will find that a small quantity of air forced in will produce a powerful vibration through the whole length of the instrument. The same thing takes place in chimneys, which are only a peculiar kind of wind-instrument—a gradually-increasing width producing a greater "draft" than a straight or contracted flue. From this it follows that the mouth of the flue next the fire must be as small as practicable, and expand upwards from this point. — *The Builder*.

From the Spectator.

FORSYTH'S HISTORY OF THE CAPTIVITY OF NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.*

OPINION has greatly changed since it was among the articles of the whig-liberal creed that the Duke of Wellington was a man of one idea, or even "wooden-headed;" that the revolutionary and imperial wars were forced on France by Pitt and the English aristocracy; and that the confinement of Bonaparte at St. Helena reflected eternal disgrace on this country. Some of the change is due to time — the reaction of exaggerated prejudice; much to the force of facts. The collected Despatches of the Duke answered the doubts as to his intellectual capacity. Memoirs, private and official correspondence, proved the strong desire of Pitt for peace on reasonable terms, and the impossibility of obtaining them. The almost libraries that have been published on the public life of Napoleon by original observers, and more than all his own avowal of his principles of action — his unconscious self-exhibition — have completely dissipated the halo that faction and want of knowledge had thrown around the character and career of Napoleon Bonaparte. His remarkable genius is proved by what he did; though he had not the sound judgment of Wellington, or the comprehensive mind, the "teres atque rotundus" nature, which distinguished Cæsar. His manners and public morals were of the lowest. All accounts seem to agree that when he pleased he could exercise a sort of Italian fascination; but he had no "good-breeding," either acquired or innate, and no regard for decorum or propriety. Moral sense in him was not so much bad or perverted as extinct. He shrank from no crime, he stuck at no falsehood to carry his objects; and though, like the Devil, "good-tempered when pleased," he had a selfishness so thorough and so hardened that he cared not what misery he inflicted, or upon whom, however near to him. The *Voice from St. Helena* perhaps did more damage to Napoleon's character than the attacks of avowed enemies. Jefferson was induced by O'Meara's book to pronounce that Napoleon "wanted totally the sense of right and wrong," if he said what O'Meara represents him as saying.

The truer appreciation of Napoleon's character, and the change in opinion already mentioned, have extended to his confinement and in some degree to his management at St.

Helena. Few now dispute the political necessity of his detention; the reaction against him has probably diminished the belief in his harsh treatment; though the reiterated complaints of Napoleon and his partisans, echoed by the Holland House coterie, and the continual attacks on the tory ministers and their governor, Sir Hudson Lowe, by whig wits, have perhaps kept up the tradition in many minds that Napoleon in exile was not treated with sufficient consideration. We think the idea is fainter than Mr. Forsyth would seem to imagine, but the impression doubtless exists.

To remove this impression is the object of these three volumes. They appear to have originated in a wish entertained on the part of his family to justify the character of the late Sir Hudson Lowe. They are founded on "thirty folio volumes filled with copies of correspondence and other writings, carefully made under the direction of Sir Hudson Lowe, who seems to have treasured a memorial of every incident, however trivial, connected with that important period of his life."

In addition to these, there are several large boxes which contain manuscripts, chiefly copies, relating to the same events, all of which have been diligently examined for the purpose of the present work. Two sets of copies of O'Meara's letters to Mr. Finlaison, so frequently quoted in the narrative, were placed in my hands; but I wish distinctly to state that I have not seen the originals. One of these sets was made officially at the time when the letters were communicated through the Admiralty to the cabinet, as will be explained in the course of the narrative, and their correctness cannot for a moment be doubted.

The task of selecting from this mass of papers and presenting the results to the public was undertaken by the late Sir Harris Nicholas. The method he had proceeded upon was to print nearly every document at length in chronological order, "connecting them with a slender thread of explanatory remark." When Mr. Forsyth, after the premature death of Sir Harris, undertook the task of editor, he preferred to throw the materials into the form of a *History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena*; supporting the statements of the narrative by extracts from the documents, and printing the most important in full as appendices. As the plan of Sir Harris Nicholas would have involved seven or eight closely-printed volumes of official documents, often containing much formal or trivial matter, it is well that the method was changed. Three ample volumes is quite enough on a subject whose temporary interest has long since ceased, which cannot be other than the variation of an often-told tale, and the general attraction of which, however sad it may be to say it, will be in

* History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena; from the Letters and Journals of the late Lieutenant-General Sir Hudson Lowe, and Official Documents not before made public. By William Forsyth, M.A., Author of "Hortensius," and "History of Trial by Jury," late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. In three volumes. With Portrait and Map. Published by Murray.

the picture of Napoleon, rather than in the justification of Sir Hudson Lowe. The British public loves justice, but it does not like the trouble necessary to pass judgment.

Mr. Forsyth's book, however, is an interesting and a readable work. The celebrity of the principal personage, his great reverse of fortune, equalling if not surpassing all that history or tragedy can parallel, the curiosity to see him under the change, the more true-looking and doubtless the truer picture of his daily life and temper as exhibited in the official despatches, and the reports of the British officers, excite and sustain the interest of the reader. To these last may be added subordinate and collateral matter, especially the reports of O'Meara in the island, and his private letters to his friend Mr. Finlaison, the celebrated actuary, at that time a clerk in the Admiralty. O'Meara's private letters differ from his works subsequently published when he was sent home from St. Helena and dismissed the service, less in facts than in the tone and coloring; though the baseness of the man appears in the ridicule he throws upon the private life at Longwood, and in his violations of medical confidence even with respect to the ladies. In fact, he seems, by nature or bad company, to have been thoroughly corrupt. Receiving the pay and expressly stipulating for the rank and character of a British officer, he became the unscrupulous tool of Napoleon, not only in servilely promulgating his views, but in violating the regulations and the law, by acting as an agent and a medium of conveying secret correspondence. Yet to some extent he betrayed the secrets of Longwood to the other side, in spite of a contrary pledge to Napoleon. On one occasion (Vol. III., pp. 16-17) he is found avowing a disregard of truth so perfectly shameless that Napoleon himself would scarcely have done it. The Finlaison letters, however, are very clever; and so much was thought of them at home, that they were copied for the perusal of the cabinet and the prince regent. His royal highness was doubtless entertained by the passages which Mr. Forsyth suppresses.

The impression left by the full exhibition of the case is favorable to the intentions and temper of the British government as well as of Sir Hudson Lowe. After General Bonaparte's security was provided for, the instructions of government were, to furnish him with every reasonable accommodation and comfort, and to attend to his wishes in every respect, with a due regard to the regulations prescribed for safety. Those instructions were fully carried out by Sir Hudson, and indeed exceeded. He maintained his temper under circumstances of continual provocation, accompanied with braggart and offensive insolence of the most vulgar character.

Whether sufficient care and judgment were exhibited by the authorities at home or by Sir Hudson Lowe is another matter. It may at once be conceded that Napoleon would not have been contented with anything short of full liberty to escape from St. Helena: like the soldier under punishment, there was no pleasing him, strike how you would. Granted that we are speaking after the event in all cases; that many luxuries, especially at the outset, were with difficulty procured at St. Helena, and that for necessaries the establishment at Longwood was never in want or even stinted; it is nevertheless a fact, that government cut the annual allowance down to 8000*l.* a year, after two experiments of Admiral Cockburn, made for the express purpose, had fixed the expenditure at about 13,000*l.* and 15,000*l.* per annum respectively. Sir Hudson took upon himself the responsibility of raising it to 12,000*l.*; and ministers afterwards allowed him to exceed that sum; still the reduction gave Bonaparte the opportunity of perpetrating the fraudulent trick of selling his old plate, and the ostentatious offer, accompanied with offensive braggadocio, of maintaining himself if he were allowed to draw for his expenses under a sealed cover. The wine, the meat, and the bread, were sometimes indifferent or ran short, and some particular kinds of wine occasionally deficient. When this became known, there were official inquiries and reports in plenty, and the evil was remedied; but the resources of the British government were surely liberal enough to have prevented this scandal. Longwood house was dilapidated, and occasionally damp and smoky. The inconvenience Napoleon in some degree brought upon himself, by pettishly refusing to have repairs; but why not have done at first what was done at last, build a new house? It is true, he would give no opinion about site or anything else; but, the option having once been offered and declined, the house should have been built in whatever spot the authorities deemed best. And so upon every occasion.

The "*fons malorum*" — the source of the seemingly founded complaints against the government and the governor — originated in that spring of many other evils, the martinet, narrow, official spirit, in which everything was done or thought of. The essential object was security — safe-keeping. That must be provided for at all cost; but, once provided for, everything else was indifferent. Scott's argument in favor of the title of "General" is, we think, conclusive; but simply because the etiquette of an acknowledged Emperor would throw obstacles in the way of proper supervision. Security was substantially provided for by a sufficient naval force to prevent the approach or escape of a strange vessel of any kind, and by the inspec-

tion twice a day. Yet there are doubts whether the naval force was sufficient at a certain time, and we have doubts whether it ever was thoroughly sufficient. The inspection can hardly be said to have been enforced at all. For long intervals the resident orderly officer scarcely saw Napoleon; only inferring his presence, and that on insufficient grounds, in spite of incessant watchfulness. These are some of the troubles attendant upon the office, from the journal of Captain Nicholls:—

April 3d. "Napoleon still keeps himself concealed. I have not been able to see him since the 25th ultimo." . . . April 19th. "I again waited on Montholon, and told him that I could not see Napoleon. He appeared surprised, and said they had seen me. N. B. General Bonaparte has got in most of his billiard-room windows small holes to put his spy-glass through; consequently he is able to see them [i. e., persons] without being himself exposed to observation. A few minutes past six, P. M., General Bonaparte appeared in his back flower-garden, dressed in green, with his cocked hat. I believe it was Bertrand that was with him. I was nearly twelve hours on my legs this day, endeavoring to see Napoleon Bonaparte, before I succeeded; and I have experienced many such days since I have been stationed at Longwood. While at dinner this evening, Sergeant Kitts told me that Napoleon was walking in Longwood garden between seven and eight, P. M. Montholon told me this day that General Bonaparte could not appear out of his quarters, he was so chilly and cold." . . . 23d. "I believe that I saw Napoleon Bonaparte to-day in the act of strapping his razor in his dressing-room."

This is a "report" from the same officer about the same time:—

"I received your note late last night; and this morning I again waited upon Count Montholon, and stated to him that it was absolutely necessary that I or some other officer should daily see General Bonaparte, and that my orders on this head were very positive. I also requested that the count would be pleased to point out a certain room for me to see Napoleon, or that some one of General Bonaparte's family would inform me where he would be seen. The count said he would state this to Napoleon. In the afternoon I again saw Count Montholon, and he told me that he had mentioned the above to Napoleon Bonaparte, but had received no answer.

"I must here beg leave to state, that in the execution of my duty yesterday I was upon my feet upwards of *ten hours*, endeavoring to procure a sight of Napoleon Bonaparte, either in his little garden or at one of his windows, but could not succeed; that during the whole of this time I was exposed to the observations and remarks of not only the French servants, but also of the gardeners and other persons employed about Longwood House; and that I have very frequently experienced days of this kind since I have been employed on this duty."

From the 1st to the 4th of July Captain

Nicholls continued to see Bonaparte occasionally; but failing to do so on the 5th, he applied the next day to Count Montholon; who told him that Napoleon often walked in the billiard-room after dinner, at which times it was probable he might see him, and that if he could not do so through the window, *he could see him through the keyhole!* "I told the count," says Captain Nicholls, "that I certainly should not adopt such a plan; and we parted."

On the 21st, the unfortunate orderly officer, who had been constantly baffled in his attempts to perform his duty, reported as follows:—

"Yesterday I was upon my feet at least *ten hours* walking about Longwood garden, but had no opportunity given me of seeing General Bonaparte. I heard persons talking in his billiard-room at about six o'clock in the afternoon. This evening, since seven o'clock, I have been employed in the like manner. . . . The weather at present is so very bad, that I fear my health will be greatly injured if I am under the necessity of continuing the system of walking round Longwood House and garden in the execution of my duty as orderly officer, in order to procure a sight of General Bonaparte."

This is a sufficient answer as to the tyranny or indelicacy of Sir Hudson Lowe; but while thus lax upon the essential though painful point, he was, we think, foolishly rigid upon indifferent trifles. John Cam [now] Lord Broughton wrote a book upon the Hundred Days, and sent out a presentation-copy, writing therein, "Imperatori Napoleon:" but he gave Sir Hudson an option, and the book was stopped on account of the "Imperator." One of the Erskines, out of gratitude for some family favor, transmitted a set of chessmen with an imperial crown: the governor demurred to this, but finally sent the box, with a letter of protest about the heraldry. A bust of the King of Rome was clandestinely sent out by some speculators in London, under circumstances that would have justified their punishment within the jurisdiction: the bust was arrested, and only forwarded to Longwood on the remark of one of Sir Hudson's officers, that, being marble, it could not, like plaster, contain letters. And so on with almost everything where there was a possibility of making mountains of mole-hills.

It must in justice to Sir Hudson Lowe be observed, that many of his dilemmas seem to have been occasioned by an over-anxiety to give satisfaction or explanation, and a nervous dread of not properly discharging his duty. He wrote too much, and allowed himself too easily to be drawn into something like controversy; and this kept him continually in hot water. When an essential principle of action is once established, one defence or rather explanation is enough. No further discussion should be allowed, but the principle carried out, and if necessary by force;

and for this line of conduct he had the authority of his government. The men he was dealing with were incapable of appreciating generosity; politeness was of no further use than in smoothing matters and affording them no handle. Instead of a plain exposition, followed by a resolute determination, the governor, if not too good-natured, was too prone to respond; which with persons always "trying it on" was only playing their game. That this opinion is not mere conjecture, is proved by two facts, really involving the only two points at issue. At the outset a declaration was to be signed by all the residents at Longwood. This was done, but they substituted "Emperor" for "General." Sir Hudson, not to create dispute, passed it over; but Lord Bathurst returned the declarations, giving them the choice to sign or go. After a world of vamping, they signed, under circumstances as ridiculous as their melodramatic refusal. We have seen the obstacles thrown in the way of ocular inspection: when an order was finally issued directing the resident officer to make his way through the house till he saw General Bonaparte, facilities were contrived.

Towards the end Napoleon became somewhat more placable. Perhaps he was convinced of the uselessness of resistance; or he felt that his disease was mortal, and his life drawing to a close. When O'Meara was sent away, his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, chose the new physician, and two priests, one of whom Napoleon wished for; but his eminence chose badly.

Bonaparte had no confidence in Antommarchi; who was, in truth, wholly unequal to the situation. In one of the orderly officer's reports this month [January, 1821] he said that Napoleon had been very angry with the doctor, because the pills which he had been taking for some time past had lost their proper effect. This might be very hard upon Antommarchi, for the same result would very probably have happened if he had possessed first-rate skill in his profession; but Napoleon was getting tired of him, and wished to have another physician sent out in his place. And he was equally dissatisfied with the poor old Abbé Buonavita, who was no theologian, and quite unfit to hold converse on religious subjects with the keenest intellect of the age, or answer the questions of such a sceptic as Napoleon Bonaparte. The wishes of the exile on these points were made known to Sir Hudson Lowe by Count Montholon in the course of a long and interesting conversation he had with him on the 27th of January. The count said that he was charged to request that the Abbé Buonavita might be replaced by a priest from Europe, and that a physician might also be sent out, as well as successors for Count Bertrand and himself; but that Bonaparte particularly desired that his family might be entirely excluded from all interference whatever in the choice of any of them. He had great reason to

complain of the choice they had made in the persons last sent to St. Helena. The count said that it perhaps was not so much the fault of the family as of the position in which they were placed, in an ecclesiastical state, where they could not act with sufficient independence in making a selection. Besides, they had no relations with Paris to enable them to make a good choice. Bonaparte wished, therefore, to leave it entirely to the decision of the King of France and his ministers, as he thought none could choose for him better than the French government; the present ministry being composed of persons nearly all of whom had served him in the same offices, and who so well knew his habits and disposition: for instance, there was Pasquier, who had been ten years his minister, with whom he confidentially conversed every day for hours, and discussed the characters of people; Monier was another who knew him perfectly, as well as Ségur, Simeon, Daru; and Latour-Maubourg, at this time minister at war, who served with him for twenty-four years up to 1814, who had been his aide-de-camp, had accompanied him to Egypt, and whose fortune he had made. There was De Cazes himself, once his private secretary, who knew him intimately for several years, and who was in possession of many secrets known to none but himself.

At a previous period Count Montholon had described the new comers in the following flattering terms—"The Abbé can only speak of Mexico; Antommarchi of medicine; and Vignali is perfectly ignorant."

With regard to a priest, Montholon said that Bonaparte wanted a man of education and learning, a theologian, with whom he could maintain arguments in theology, who would answer all his questions on religious matters in cases which required to be examined and sounded to their depths; one who was perfectly versed in the history of religion, and capable of acting as a guide to him in the perusal of the Scriptures; able to convince and satisfy his mind upon points where he felt doubts. He wished him to be from forty to fifty years of age; a man of erudition; for, as to Buonavita, he was incapable of discussing any religious point, and had never studied; he was, in fact, totally ignorant and without education. Napoleon, the count said, was not satisfied without explanations on every point; he wished to fathom everything, and had lately observed to him, "Although I feel myself growing weaker and weaker every day, and am extremely ill, I am not yet brought to bay in a state to require the succor of religion; still, if I found myself reduced to that plight, is it to a person like that I could address myself to become enlightened and obtain spiritual aid? Who knows? Voltaire himself asked for the consolations of religion before his death, and perhaps I also might find much comfort and relief in the society of an ecclesiastical capable of inspiring in me a taste for religious conversation, who might render me devout."

As to the young priest Vignali, Montholon said, when he came out to St. Helena he could neither read nor write, though he was now studying very hard, and making great efforts.

With respect to Dr. Antommarchi, he was a good anatomist, and perhaps a good surgeon also; but he was very ignorant. He had not even finished his studies when he came to the island, and had never been in society. As Napoleon must know everything, and have his inquiries satisfactorily answered, which Antommarchi could not do, he had taken a dislike to him. Besides, added the count, his manners were too frivolous and presuming; he had begun by giving himself a good deal of importance, and on his arrival believed that the whole island was at his command.

All these arrangements, which were substantially repeated in a minute of Napoleon, were stopped by his death, in the month of May following.

It has been surmised that Sir Hudson Lowe was to some degree a scapegoat of the ministry. There is not a trace of this to be found in the proceedings. He was thoroughly supported in what he did; what he took upon himself was confirmed; and he held greater power than he exercised. On his return George the Fourth gave him his hearty approbation.

Sir Hudson Lowe was presented to the king on the 14th of November; and, being about to kiss his majesty's hand, the king took hold of his and shook it heartily, saying, "I congratulate you most sincerely upon your return, after a trial the most arduous and exemplary that perhaps any man ever had. I have felt for your situation, and may appeal to Lord Bathurst how frequently I have talked to him about you." Sir Hudson Lowe, describing the interview in a letter to a friend, says, "He took my hand a second time, and again repeated his congratulations on the exemplary manner in which I had fulfilled my duties; turning at the time to all the ministers who were present, as if to impress his own sentiments upon them." And soon after Sir Hudson Lowe had the gratification of receiving a convincing proof of the approval of government of his conduct, by being appointed to the first vacant colonelcy of a regiment (the Ninety-third) that occurred after his return to England.

From the Athenæum.

THIS work has been long looked for — and more than once we have announced its expected publication. Delayed from various causes, it could scarcely have made its appearance at a more seasonable time than now. Increased interest has of late been given to the character of Napoleon — his nephew has become a ruler of France — and we are fresh from the retrospect of the great duke's career. The brilliancy and moral courage with which Lamartine has written on the theme of Napoleon have also contributed to interest readers on the subject.

But the name of Sir Hudson Lowe, loaded as it has been with obloquy, and associated in the public mind with grave charges against

his personal character, and indirectly against the government which employed him, would alone give importance to these volumes. "*Audi alteram partem*" is the general rule with the British public before opinion finally settles down into a national verdict on an accused party. There have been many persons who hoped that for the sake of Sir Hudson Lowe's memory his biography would clear his character triumphantly. We will see how far this hope has been realized — but, before doing so, we must say a few words on the authorship of the work.

Without any disrespect to the learned profession of which Sir Hudson Lowe's biographer is a member, we think it injudicious to have handed over an accused reputation to the custody of a lawyer, himself the author of "*Hortensius*; or, the Advocate." Those arts by which verdicts are gained in courts of law are not efficacious before the bench of criticism. The rhetoric of Mr. Forsyth is of the forensic school; his logic is too often that of a special pleader, and his tone from first to last exhibits the partisanship common to biographers. In justice to him, however, we will extract from the preface his own view of the duties of his office, and of his manner of discharging it: —

When Mr. Murray first proposed to place in my hands the papers of the late Sir Hudson Lowe, in order that I might undertake the present work, after some consideration I declined the task, chiefly on grounds of a professional nature. For the law is a jealous mistress, and recognizes no half-hearted or divided allegiance. But the proposal was again pressed upon me in so flattering a manner that I was induced to reconsider my decision. . . . I was not asked to make out a case for Sir Hudson Lowe, nor, had I been asked to do so, would I have consented. I regarded the duty of examining the papers left by him as a solemn trust, for the due and truthful discharge of which I was responsible to the public, and a still more searching tribunal, my own conscience.

In recording the materials at his command, Mr. Forsyth says: —

I have had access to a vast number of original despatches of Earl Bathurst, who was secretary of state for the colonies while Napoleon was at St. Helena, and to the originals or copies of every important document connected with the subject. Thirty folio volumes are filled with copies of correspondence and other writings, carefully made under the direction of Sir Hudson Lowe, who seems to have treasured a memorial of almost every incident, however trivial, connected with that important period of his life. In addition to these, there are several large boxes which contain manuscripts, chiefly copies, relating to the same events, all of which have been diligently examined for the purpose of the present work. Two sets of copies of O'Meara's

letters to Mr. Finlaison, so frequently quoted in the narrative, were placed in my hands; but I wish distinctly to state that I have not seen the originals. One of these sets was made officially at the time when the letters were communicated through the Admiralty to the cabinet, as will be explained in the course of the narrative, and *their correctness cannot for a moment be doubted*. It only remains that I should make an acknowledgment for the assistance I have received. The Lowe papers were originally placed, some years ago, in the hands of the late Sir Harris Nichols, with a view to publication under his auspices as editor. He underwent the heavy labor of arranging them, and before his death had proceeded so far as to have a voluminous mass of documents set up in type, down to the date of September, 1817. His plan, however, was to print almost every letter and other manuscript at full length in chronological order, connecting them with a slender thread of explanatory remark. The consequence would have been that if his plan had been carried out the work must have consisted of eight or nine closely printed octavo volumes, the price of which would have rendered them inaccessible to the public generally.

— For reasons which our readers will see afterwards, we have ourselves put a line in italics in the above passage. The hitherto unpublished letters of O'Meara to Finlaison (a clerk in the Admiralty) constitute the chief revelations in this work—and they will excite a great sensation, as they incriminate persons of eminence.

The work before us has a threefold interest;—first, as it refers to the behavior of Sir Hudson Lowe at St. Helena—secondly, to the conduct of the Liverpool cabinet—and, thirdly, the character of Napoleon during the closing years of his life. We will take these subjects in order.

It is necessary for us to observe, what, in judging of historical characters which have been subjected to much obloquy, it will be well to recollect that grave faults may yet be grievously exaggerated, and that it is very important to distinguish accurately between the actual and the overstated charges preferred against individuals. Warren Hastings and Lord Castlereagh were two public men who were for long periods subject to vast obloquy with the many, and to severe censures from the more critical few. Though we would not take our opinions of Warren Hastings from the invectives of Burke, we might yet think he richly merited the censure cast on him by Lord John Russell in his "Life of Fox;" and though not accepting Cobbett or Hunt as authorities on the character of Lord Castlereagh, we might concur in unfavorable views of that statesman's public fame brought by other parties.

Applying these principles to the case of Sir Hudson Lowe, let us see how the real

charges against him stand. We took up the work with feelings inclined to concur in the moderated censure on Sir Hudson Lowe passed by Lamartine. We were ready to make great allowances for the peculiarity of his position, its invidious and inquisitorial character, and the splenetic despondency of his mighty captive. But, after reading these volumes, in which a vigorous attempt at literary ablution has been made, we feel our prejudices confirmed rather than removed. Taking the case as given by his biographer and defender, we find the following facts on the record.

It stands admitted here, that Sir Walter Scott and Sir Archibald Alison, both tories of the Castlereagh school, publicly pronounced a verdict against Sir Hudson Lowe; that while Napoleon was on the most friendly terms with Sir Pulteney Malcolm, the admiral of the station, he abominated Sir Hudson Lowe; that when Sir Pulteney Malcolm tendered his good services to reconcile the governor with his captive, Sir Hudson declined them; that after not having managed matters well with the previous admiral (Sir George Cockburn), the governor then had a serious difference with Sir Pulteney Malcolm, one of the most amiable beings that ever breathed; that with each and all of O'Meara, and Las Cases, and Montholon, and Antommarchi, Sir Hudson (in the words of his biographer and apologist) "had a *separate* cause of quarrel" (p. 2); that O'Meara, with all the perils of the law of libel in those days before John Lord Campbell was a legislator, gibbeted Sir Hudson Lowe in his "Voices from St. Helena;" that, goaded by the five editions of O'Meara's book, he answered the challenge to the King's Bench; that O'Meara did not shrink, but met Sir Hudson Lowe with the affidavits of *seventeen* witnesses; that when the King's Bench decided "too late" on Sir Hudson's claim for redress, he threw the blame on his lawyers—none other than Copley and Tindal (Lords Lyndhurst and the late Chief Justice of the Common Pleas); that Lord Bathurst then urged him to defend his reputation by a book in reply to O'Meara, and that Sir Hudson declined to do so—and finally left his case to be argued at the bar of posterity by a lawyer!

Then, without any reference here to the withering execration with which Napoleon used to pursue the name of Sir Hudson Lowe, let us see how the Earl of Liverpool, the Duke of Wellington, and Sir Robert Peel acted towards Sir Hudson Lowe. After mentioning "the fatal mistake of Sir Hudson Lowe in not publishing a refutation of the charges against him," his biographer says:—

Besides, in another important respect Sir Hudson Lowe suffered. There can be little doubt that Lord Liverpool was in some degree preju-

diced against him. Lord Bathurst recommended him for a pension, which was surely due to him as much as to Colonel Wilkes, the governor of St. Helena whom he succeeded, and who received a retiring allowance of 1,500*l.* a year; but no pension was granted to Sir Hudson Lowe. Why was this? Nothing could be more full, explicit and unreserved, than the terms in which Lord Bathurst conveyed to him the approval of the British government at the close of his arduous duties at St. Helena. Why, then, was a pecuniary recompense withheld which he had fairly earned?

There is a large bill of indictment against Sir Hudson Lowe in that "why?" It is impossible for any biographer to get over the fact that a pension was refused to him, while it had been given to a previous governor. He was sent out afterwards as governor of Antigua, and was subsequently made commander-in-chief at Ceylon; but he solicited the government of the latter island in vain — and what else but an unfavorable impression towards him remains after reading the following passage! —

Before leaving England, Sir Hudson Lowe had an audience of the Duke of Wellington, and endeavored to obtain from him a promise of his interest in the event of a vacancy occurring. The duke, however, replied that he never did, and never would, make any such promise beforehand; and that he did not think the colonial secretary, Sir George Murray, would be justified in doing so. But he added that, in his opinion, the ex-governor of St. Helena had been very hardly used; and when Sir Hudson observed that the object of his application to government had always been either to obtain a situation corresponding in rank to that which he had filled at St. Helena, or the means of an honorable retirement, if government, from motives of policy, did not think fit to employ him, the duke answered, that no motive of policy would prevent him from employing him (Sir Hudson) where his services might be useful. On this Sir Hudson Lowe suggested that an opportunity might occur of sending him in some capacity to the Russian army, which at that time was engaged in a campaign against the Turks; but the Duke of Wellington shortly replied, "We have kept out of that; we have kept out of that." Sir Hudson Lowe then spoke on the subject of a pension, stating the circumstances under which he had before applied for one; but the duke made immediate objections, saying that Parliament would not grant it. Sir Hudson replied, that he had always been desirous to have the question referred to Parliament, and was ready to stand or fall by its decision. The Duke of Wellington, however, said, it was useless to urge the matter any further, as it was certain Mr. Peel would never make any such proposal to the House of Commons.

The author pleads for his client — that "Sir Hudson Lowe does not seem to have been aware how seldom there is found in

governments the moral courage to support, much less patronize, an injured but unpopular man." The plea sounds plausibly; but an impartial historian would say, that whatever may be the faults or the merits of British ministers, it is a character of public men and leaders of parties to stand by their friends and followers when they get into trouble. Of all men that ever lived, the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel would not flinch from doing justice to a public servant if they thought his obloquy wholly unmerited. But we reserve our general remarks on the conduct of Sir Hudson Lowe. We will now proceed to the "Admiralty scandals" revealed in the present work. It is impossible that they can be allowed to pass without serious notice.

The name of Barry O'Meara is familiar to our readers as the author of the "Voice from St. Helena" — in which the Liverpool cabinet was attacked, and Sir Hudson Lowe furiously assailed. The work caused a great sensation, and the author was fiercely vituperated by some writer in the *Quarterly Review*. While we write, we have O'Meara's book and its review in the *Quarterly* (vol. xxviii.) before us. In that article he is taunted with "the baseness of espionage" (p. 238). The reviewer, at p. 237, tries to defend Sir Hudson Lowe from "being desirous of hearing tittle-tattle," and O'Meara is charged with "exposing to all mankind the conversations which had been confided to the ear of friendship." Now, if the facts recorded in the work before us be true, it is evident that in the first instance O'Meara had been encouraged from the Admiralty to play what many persons would call the part of a spy on Napoleon's words and thoughts. The name of Mr. Wilson Croker is mixed up very strangely in this business — and before having his counter-statements it would be perhaps hasty to pronounce on the accusations in Mr. Forsyth's work. There are revelations of very considerable "scandal."

O'Meara, selected by Napoleon as a surgeon and confidential companion, had a friend of the name of Finlaison at the Admiralty. Apparently with a view to advance himself, O'Meara (of course without Napoleon's knowledge) wrote a series of letters in which he describes the contortions of the caged lion. A specimen will suffice; — it being necessary to observe that they have been hitherto unpublished: —

He frequently breaks out into invectives against the English government for sending him to this island, which he pronounces (with some reason) to be the most detestable spot in the universe. "Behold the English government," said he, gazing around at the frightful and stupendous rocks which encompassed him. "This is their liberality to the unfortunate, who, confiding in what he so blindly imagined to be their

national character, in an evil hour gave himself up to them. But your ministers laugh at your laws. I thought once that the English were a free nation, but I see now that you are the greatest slaves in the world," said he to me one day; "you all of you tremble at the sight of *that man*. In my greatest power I could not do such things as I have seen done to your sailors and others since I have come to this Isle de Brouillard."

In the same letter occurs this passage, which explains itself — O'Meara alluding to his own position : —

In fact, if the government does not choose to give me what Bonaparte offered me himself, viz., 12,000 francs, and repeated once in a letter from General Montholon, which has been forwarded to the Admiralty, I must decline holding the situation any longer. If I must be a prisoner, it is only the hopes of emolument which will induce me to continue in this cage. You will perceive that the greatest part, if not the whole, of this letter would be unfit to meet the public eye, perhaps would not be altogether agreeable to the government also; however, of this you are, of course, the best judge. I merely tell you in confidence of what really happened — particularly as Napoleon now is able, with a dictionary, to read the English papers, and, of course, in consequence of nobody ever having been present during the greater part of the conversations which have taken place between him and me, would immediately discover that I was the author, and I know would be greatly offended. It must be evident to you that, unless I was on good terms with him, it would be very disagreeable, if not impossible, to remain as his surgeon. Therefore may I beg of you to confide this only to such persons as you know will not put the contents in the newspapers?

But the character of O'Meara (thus self-tarnished) is not the question. The conduct of much higher persons is involved. Who was it that encouraged O'Meara to pursue this conduct? Let the Admiralty clerk tell : —

Your letters of the 16th of March and 22d of April came duly to hand, and furnished a real feast to some great folks here. I also received a letter from you on your first arrival, which was considered very interesting; not a line of anything you have written to me since you sailed was ever made public. The moment your letters came they were given to Mr. Croker, who considered them extremely interesting, and circulated copies among the cabinet ministers; and he desires me to assure you that they never have been, nor shall they ever hereafter be, seen by any other person. I conjecture also that your letters have even amused His Royal Highness the Prince Regent; they are written with that discrimination, good sense, and *naïveté*, that they could not fail to be acceptable; and I am quite sure that they have done you a great deal of good at the Board, a proof of which is, that the other day Captain Hamilton of the *Havannah*, and Sir E. Thornborough, reported

in a public letter that, a few hours after the ship's arrival, a letter was inserted in the Portsmouth paper about Bonaparte, and that it had been traced that you were the author of it. Mr. Croker sent for me, and desired me to request you to be careful in respect to your private letters to any other person, as everything now-a-days gets into the papers; *but to me he repeated his hopes that you would write in full confidence, and in the utmost possible detail, all the anecdotes you can pick up*, resting assured that none but the government ever will see them, and to them they are and must be extremely interesting, as showing the personal feelings of your great state prisoner.

There is something that revolts the mind in the idea of the "very great folks" having "a real feast" in a near sight of the writhings and gnashings of the great captive on the rack — a "feast" to which they were admitted by the continual violation of professional and gentlemanly confidence. But we have the letter of Sir Hudson Lowe to confirm the Finlaison statement. Referring to other matters relating to O'Meara, Sir Hudson addresses Lord Bathurst : —

I did not fail immediately to point out to Dr. O'Meara all the impropriety of his conduct, and even the danger, as affecting his life, by meddling in such matters. He said Count Montholon had left the letter in his room without his giving his consent to it — that a motive of curiosity had led him not to return it — that he had no intention to give it publicity, but that he should probably have given extracts of it in his letters to Mr. Croker; and he here produced to me a letter he had received from a Mr. Finlaison, who holds some office in the Admiralty, marked "Confidential and Secret," and therefore, perhaps, not furnishing a fit matter for reference, in which he is most particularly requested to give all the details possible to Mr. Croker of everything interesting he can collect respecting General Bonaparte, and made acquainted that the letters he may write will not pass beyond the perusal of the cabinet ministers. Mr. Finlaison tells him of the pleasure the perusal of many of them has afforded to a *royal personage*; and Dr. O'Meara is encouraged by every species of praise to continue his communications both to Mr. Croker and Mr. Finlaison, the official situation of the former of whom may perhaps afford some grounds for the request, but certainly not that of the latter. The letter from Mr. Finlaison concludes with requesting Dr. O'Meara to procure him a scrap of Bonaparte's handwriting for Mr. Croker, and, on the whole, manifests a kind of interest in everything relating to the extraordinary personage referred to, which, if communicated to him, could not fail, I think, of proving in a certain degree flattering to him, and with a person of his artifice lead, through Dr. O'Meara, to communications for the ear and observation of the Prince Regent himself. . . . He founds his indication principally on the strict injunctions he has received

from persons in public situations to send home accounts of what is passing here, and the approval given to his letters at the Board as confidentially communicated to him by Mr. Finlaison.

To which the author has appended these notes:—

The following extract from the postscript to a letter from O'Meara to Mr. Finlaison, written on the 14th of October, this year, will show the persevering efforts made to send this letter clandestinely to England, and also the necessity for the closest vigilance on the part of the governor. It proves also that, after all, O'Meara did send to England a copy of Montholon's letter. "This letter De Las Cases and Montholon have been endeavoring by all means in their power to send to England. De Las Cases showed it and explained it to Captain Shaw of the 'Termagant,' and, I believe, offered a copy to Captain Gray of the Artillery, and Lieutenant Louis of the Northumberland, to whom also a copy was offered, which he refused taking, as Sir Hudson expressed his earnest wish to me that it should not be sent even to the Admiralty; as, he said, he had not given the admiral a copy of it, perhaps it would be as well not to allow it to come to his knowledge that I had sent it, though I conceive it a duty incumbent on me to furnish Mr. Croker with all the intelligence possible through you, and which I shall not fail to do in every one of my letters." It was a mistake of Sir Hudson Lowe to suppose that O'Meara corresponded with Mr. Croker, then the secretary of the Admiralty. The latter merely received and communicated to the cabinet the letters which Mr. Finlaison put into his hands.

What mere special pleading it is for Mr. Forsyth to say that O'Meara did not correspond with Mr. Croker! Surely it ought not to be necessary for laymen to remind a lawyer of the maxim, "*Qui facit per alium facit per se.*" But the scandal gets deeper at every step. The following passage from a letter to Finlaison tells very favorably for Sir Hudson Lowe, while it puts parties nearer home deeper in the mire:—

I told Sir Hudson, this day, that Montholon had done so, and that he had given me the letter. He was very much displeased at the idea of its being made known, and also with me for having read it, so that I was obliged, in my own defence, to make known to him that I was authorized to make communications respecting Bonaparte to the Admiralty. He appeared surprised and annoyed at this, and said that it was not proper; that the Admiralty had nothing to do with what took place respecting him; that he did not communicate it to the Duke of York; that it ought not even to be made known to any of the cabinet ministers, except the secretary of state, with whom he corresponded himself, and that he would make some arrangements accordingly. He added, that my correspondence ought to go through him. I replied, very respectfully, that,

as I had been in the habit of obeying those received from the Board of Admiralty, under whose orders I naturally was, I had not thought it improper to communicate to them such information and anecdotes as I thought they might be pleased with, and concluded with submitting to him that it would be much better for me to resign the situation, which I was ready to do. To this he replied, he was far from desiring such a step, and said that the subject altogether required some deliberation, and thus the matter rests. Until, however, I have received directions from you not to correspond, I will continue to do so, or will, as I told him, resign a situation always delicate, and now peculiarly and embarrassingly so.

Let us recapitulate the startling revelations of this clandestine correspondence. 1. In the Preface quoted before, Mr. Forsyth vouches for the genuineness of the Finlaison and O'Meara, or what some would call the Wilson Croker, correspondence. 2. That O'Meara, in violation of professional confidence, wrote to the Admiralty his notes on the sayings and confidential thoughts of Napoleon. 3. That his letters were "a feast to very great folk" in England. 4. That Mr. Wilson Croker encouraged O'Meara to provide ample provender for the "feast." 5. That this clandestine correspondence, this *espionnage*, was carried on without the knowledge of Sir Hudson Lowe, who was very angry when he found it out.

This is certainly one of the most serious "revelations" that have appeared amongst our copious historical memoirs of the last few years. It is fortunate that Mr. Wilson Croker is still living, as he will doubtless be able to cast further light upon the whole subject. What is very curious in the matter is, that though the government of the day suffered sorely from the effects of O'Meara's "Voice from St. Helena," with a word of the revelations in this work they might have destroyed their antagonist's character. But his destruction by such a process would have been most dangerous to his enemies. His reviewer in the *Quarterly* assailed him in all the moods and tenors of vituperation—but he took special care to avoid the name of Finlaison, and the previous services in which O'Meara had been used. Though in the power of the government, O'Meara wrote with great audacity, as he knew well that he had government also in his grasp, and that official people could not blast him without awfully scorching themselves. If such scandal as this had oozed out in those days, what invectives would have come from Henry Brougham, and quiet bursts of scorn from Lord Althorp—to say nothing of emphatic rebukes from young Lord John Russell and the leaders of the Opposition of that time! What a brilliant political satire the author of "Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress" and "The Twopenny Post-Bag" would

have written on a theme so fertile in suggestion!

These revelations are so very interesting a chapter in the "Curiosities of Literature," that we have taken this rapid survey in our desire not to withhold them from the early notice of our readers. On the subject of Napoleon himself the work is not so interesting as we expected; but its historical importance is of the highest value—and whether we agree or not with the various conclusions to which its author would fain lead the reader, it amply deserves and will reward the careful perusal of every person who is interested in the subject of Napoleon.

From the Literary Gazette.

An appeal for justice to an injured man is seldom made to Englishmen in vain. Even when it is too late to redress the wrongs of the living, we are unwilling to let a cloud rest unfairly on the memory of the dead. Such an appeal is now made in behalf of Sir Hudson Lowe. The larger question of the policy of the British government towards Napoleon as their prisoner is amply illustrated in these volumes, but the immediate object is a defence of the personal and official conduct of the governor of St. Helena. On this subject there has always been much discussion, and, as it now appears, studied and malignant misrepresentation. It is only to be regretted that so long a delay has taken place in the publication of these official reports, and that English historians have given currency to much calumny and falsehood. Even Sir Walter Scott and Sir Archibald Alison, with all their tory prejudices in behalf of the English ministry of the time, have given up the defence of Sir Hudson Lowe. What has been uniformly asserted has come to be universally believed, and while with Frenchmen the name of "the gaoler of Napoleon" is the symbol of everything cruel and base, Englishmen have been too ready to speak of him with feelings of shame and disapproval. It was no doubt a fatal mistake of the governor not to publish during his lifetime a refutation of the charges against him. He wearied the government with applications for redress, when he might, by printing the documents in his possession, have fully vindicated his character. Ten years have now passed since his death, and the true state of the case is at length made known from his letters and journals. Although it is too late now to atone for much of the injury that has been done, it is not too late to vindicate the memory of an injured man, nor is it too late for truth and justice to correct the errors that have found place in this memorable episode of modern history.

So far as the French are concerned we fear that little effect will be produced by the

present publication. On them no part of the history of Napoleon has made so deep and mournful an impression as the sad tale of his reverse and his exile. The mysterious seclusion of the remote sea-girt prison, the dark hints of harsh and ungenerous treatment, and then the death of the emperor, alleged to be hastened by the cruelty of "his gaoler," struck a horror into the minds of Frenchmen at the conduct of all who had been in any way accessory to his fate, which no explanation nor documents will ever be able to mitigate, far less to efface. This horror and detestation have been concentrated on him who was the instrument of the English government in the supposed cruelty. It is almost part of a Frenchman's creed to believe all that is evil of Sir Hudson Lowe. He is the *bête noire* of their imagination. Nor is this feeling confined to Napoleonists. Victor Hugo, in his philippic against "Napoléon le Petit," reaches the climax of his invective, when he exclaims: "Pire que Hudson Lowe! Hudson Lowe n'était qu'un geolier, Hudson Lowe n'était qu'un bourreau: l'homme qui assassine véritablement Napoléon c'est Louis Napoléon; Hudson Lowe n'avait tué que sa vie, Louis Napoléon tue sa gloire." Our own Lord Chief Justice Campbell, in his "Lives of the Chancellors," in speaking of Lord Eldon says: "As things were managed, I am afraid it will be said that Napoleon was treated in the nineteenth century with the same cruel spirit as the Maid of Orleans in the fifteenth; and there may be tragedies on the death of Napoleon in which Sir Hudson Lowe will be the *shirro*, and even Lord Eldon may be introduced as the stern old councillor who decreed the hero's imprisonment." This anticipation has been realized. When the accession of Louis Napoleon revived the recollections of the emperor, a piece was produced, *Napoleon in Exile*, in which the "bourreau" and "geolier" was presented to the execration of the angry Parisians. We can hardly be surprised at this, when we consider the popular estimate of Sir Hudson Lowe by his own countrymen. So recently as 1833 an incident occurred in the House of Lords which shows the odium attaching to his name. In a debate on the Irish Coercion Bill, Lord Teynham, after saying that he was willing to intrust extraordinary powers to the then Lord-Lieut., the Marquis of Normanby, yet it was necessary to legislate with reference to those who might succeed him—"Now suppose," continued Lord Teynham, "the noble marquis were to be succeeded in the government of Ireland by a Sir Hudson Lowe." Here the speaker was called to order, and the Duke of Wellington immediately rose:—

I do not rise to oppose the motion of the noble lord, or to state any objection to the proposition

of the lord-lieutenant being assisted by six privy councillors ; but I do rise for the purpose of defending the character of a highly respectable officer, not a member of this House, from the gross imputation thrown upon him (by implication) by the noble lord ; and certainly a grosser one I never heard uttered within these walls. When the noble lord pays a tribute of respect to the present lord-lieutenant of Ireland, I have no doubt that all noble lords concur in the same opinion he has expressed of that noble marquis ; but when he says " the noble marquis may be succeeded by some Sir Hudson Lowe," I beg to know what the noble lord means. I have the honor to know Sir Hudson Lowe, and I will say, in this House or elsewhere, wherever it may be, that there is not in the army a more respectable officer than Sir Hudson Lowe, nor has his majesty a more faithful subject.

Lord Teynham. — " Really, my lords, I had no intention of aspersing the private character of Sir Hudson Lowe. No doubt the testimony the noble duke bears to it is perfectly correct. But as regards his public conduct while governor of St. Helena, I say, and will maintain it as a peer of Parliament, that he is cried out upon by all the people of Europe as a person not fit to be trusted with power."

Earl Bathurst. — " Perhaps it is conferring too much importance on the matter to offer any answer to the noble lord's remarks ; but after his observations on the late governor of St. Helena, that he so conducted himself in that capacity as to have been found fault with in every part of Europe ; I deny that such was the case ; the charge is directly false. Sir Hudson Lowe behaved, in his very responsible capacity, in a manner highly to his credit ; all well-informed persons on the continent of Europe knew what his conduct was, and approved it."

A day or two afterwards Lord Teynham made the following apology for his unwarrantable attack : — " In rising to present two petitions on the subject of tithes, I beg to state — what I should have stated more explicitly on a former evening (if I had not been called to order, or rather interrupted, upon my making an observation in which I mentioned the name of that gallant officer, Sir Hudson Lowe) — I now beg to state that it was not my intention to impute improper conduct to, or to make any reflection upon, that individual. I merely used the name of that gallant person hypothetically, in order to show the danger of placing any portion of his majesty's subjects under military power, upon an uncertainty into whose hands that power might hereafter fall. I trust, therefore, that the friends of the gallant general in this House will believe — and that through them he may be informed — that it was not my intention to bring any accusation against him."

Sir Hudson Lowe wrote and thanked the duke for his prompt and generous defence, and his grace replied in the following note : —

" S. Says, Feb. 21, 1833.

" My dear General — I have received your letter of the 20th. I assure you that I considered that I did no more than my duty, upon the occa-

sion to which you refer, in repelling a very gross and marked insinuation against an officer, in his absence, for whom I entertained the highest respect and regard. The discussion ended in a way that must be highly satisfactory to all your friends. Ever, my dear general, yours most faithfully,

" WELLINGTON.

" Lieut.-General Sir Hudson Lowe."

Having referred to the just and generous defence of Sir Hudson Lowe by the Duke of Wellington, we give along with it a passage from M. Lamartine's " History of the Restoration," which Mr. Forsyth quotes, with some judicious and honorable comments : —

From a French writer we might naturally expect on this subject nothing but panegyric upon Napoleon and invective against Sir Hudson Lowe. One author of that nation, however, has honorably distinguished himself by the impartial tone in which he has criticized the conduct of the governor and his captive. Lamartine has done homage to truth, and, so far as he had the means of forming a just judgment, has taken pains to arrive at it. He has fully penetrated the motives of Napoleon in keeping up his quarrel with Sir Hudson Lowe, and, if he has formed a wrong estimate in some respects of the character of the latter and misconstrued his actions, we must remember that he was obliged to winnow out the facts of the case from the heap of calumny and falsehood with which the enemies of that officer have loaded his memory, and that he had not access to the materials which would have enabled him to correct in many points his opinion. In the following passage he thus speaks of the governor of St. Helena and Napoleon : — " He" (that is the latter) " pursued slowly and obstinately the suicide of his captivity. The arrival at St. Helena of a new governor, Sir Hudson Lowe, riveted more closely his voluntary chains. That governor, whom the myrmidons of Napoleon, and Napoleon himself, attacked with groundless and passionate charges, such as the hallucinations of captivity alone could inspire — treated by them as a petty constable and assassin — had neither criminal intent against his captive in his thoughts, nor insult towards the unfortunate in his heart. But, crushed under the load of responsibility which weighed on him lest he might suffer to escape the disturber whom Europe had given him to guard, narrow in his ideas, jealous in his regulations, nervously tenacious of forms, deficient in tact, and odious to his captive from the very nature of his functions, he wearied Napoleon with restrictions, superintendence, orders, visits, and even marks of respect. He soon imparted to the duties of the governor of the island and guardian of an European hostage the appearance and rudeness of a gaoler. Nevertheless, although he may be reproached with impropriety, he cannot be charged with ill-usage. He was the occasion rather than the cause of the unhappy end of Napoleon. In reading with attention the correspondence and notes exchanged on every pretext between the attendants on Napoleon and Sir Hudson Lowe, one is confounded

at the insults, the provocations, and the invectives with which the captive and his friends outraged the governor at every turn. Napoleon at that time sought to excite by cries of pain the pity of the English Parliament, and to furnish a grievance to the speakers of the opposition against the ministry, in order to obtain a removal nearer to Europe. The desire of provoking insults by insult, and of afterwards exhibiting these insults as crimes to the indignation of the continent, and of making Sir Hudson Lowe the Pilate of this Napoleonic Calvary, is plainly evident in all those letters."

No doubt the portrait of the governor is here harshly drawn, and some of the particulars are incorrect. For instance, when Lamartine speaks of Sir Hudson Lowe wearying Napoleon with visits, he seems not to be aware, or to have forgotten, that during the whole of the six years of the captivity the governor had only five interviews with his prisoner; and that Napoleon rudely and discourteously refused, after insulting him to his face with the grossest language of abuse, to see or have any intercourse with him again. Nor was there anything in his conduct or demeanor, as the reader will see, which can justify the application to him of the odious epithet of gaoler. But this question will appear in its true light as our narrative proceeds, and we need not anticipate here the judgment which will be formed on the facts of the captivity.

Reserving for another article our remarks on the general subject of Napoleon's captivity, and his treatment by the British government, we at present confine ourselves to the conduct of Sir Hudson Lowe, the true account of which, and the explanation of the false impression prevailing concerning it, we can present to the satisfaction of our readers. A few details of the previous history of the governor will prepare for the better appreciation of his character:—

Sir Hudson Lowe was, as he himself tells us in a fragment of an autobiography which he left, born in the army. His father was an Englishman, a native of Lincolnshire, who obtained a medical appointment early in life with the troops that served in Germany during the Seven Years' War. After the breaking out of the war of the French Revolution, he was appointed surgeon-major and head of the medical department in the garrison of Gibraltar, the duties of which he continued to discharge until his death in 1801. Sir Hudson Lowe, the subject of the present memoir, was born in the town of Galway on the 28th of July, 1769. Shortly after his birth his father's regiment, the 50th, was ordered to the West Indies, and he was taken out with it. On his return to England, and while still at school, before he had attained his twelfth year, he was appointed to an ensigncy in the East Devon Militia, and actually passed a review in military uniform at that age. In the autumn of the year 1787 he obtained a king's commission as ensign in the 50th regiment, which was at that time stationed at Gibraltar, the governor being the

celebrated Sir George Augustus Eliott, afterwards created Lord Heathfield.

After having been more than four years upon garrison duty, during which time, he says, every third or fourth night was passed on guard, with no other appliances for repose, between the reliefs of sentries, than a blanket on boards and a pillow resting generally upon a stone, Lieutenant Lowe obtained leave of absence, and travelled in France and Italy, whereby he acquired a proficiency in the languages of those countries, which was of singular use to him in after life.

On his return to Gibraltar the war had broken out afresh, and he proceeded with his regiment to Corsica, where he was actively engaged in service until the 50th was ordered to garrison Ajaccio. The future governor of St. Helena was thus quartered in the same town with the Bonaparte family, none of whom, however, he seems to have met.

On the evacuation of Corsica, Lieutenant Lowe accompanied his regiment to Porto Ferrajo, in Elba. In 1795 he was promoted to a company; and was soon after appointed deputy judge-advocate to the troops. From Elba the 50th proceeded to Lisbon, and remained quartered nearly two years in Portugal, at Fort St. Juliens. At the expiration of that period it was ordered to Minorca, which was then commanded by General Fox, and to this island flocked a large body of emigrants from Corsica, who were organized into a small corps called the Corsican Rangers. With this body of troops Sir Hudson Lowe's fate and fortunes became intimately connected.

The charge of the newly-raised corps was intrusted to him. In August, 1800, being then about two hundred strong, they were sent to Gibraltar for the purpose of joining the expedition of Egypt under Sir Ralph Abercromby. The command of the corps was given to Captain Lowe, with the temporary rank of major; and it formed part of the reserve commanded by Major-General (afterwards Sir John) Moore. The army landed at Aboukir on the 8th of March, and the Corsican Rangers formed on the right of the guards. The corps was warmly engaged, and sustained in several conflicts heavy loss. While in Egypt, Major Lowe sent his father, who was then surgeon-major to the garrison at Gibraltar, clear and detailed accounts of events as they occurred, and they are too well known to justify relation here.

He was present at the battle of Alexandria, on the 21st of March, 1801, and during the campaign was the means of saving Sir Sidney Smith's life. A picket having mistaken Sir Sidney for a French officer, for his wearing a cocked hat (the English army then wearing round hats), they levelled their pieces at him, when Major Lowe struck up their muskets, and saved him.

He received the first proposals for the surrender of Cairo, commanded the rear-guard of the escort to the French army on its march to Rosetta, and was present at the advances against and surrender of Alexandria. His zeal and ability in command of the outposts, on various occasions, obtained for him that flattering en-

comium from General Moore — "Lowe, when you're at the outposts, I always feel sure of a good night's rest." And the same gallant and distinguished officer, when writing on the 27th of October, 1801, to Major Lowe's father, thus spoke of the son: — "In Sir Ralph Abercromby he lost, in common with many others, a good friend; but, however, his conduct has been so conspicuously good, that I hope he will meet with the reward he merits."

Of his subsequent services in Portugal, in Sicily and Naples, full account is given in the memoir which occupies one of Mr. Forsyth's chapters. The loss of the island of Capri, through the misconduct of the Maltese troops under his command, is the only untoward event in Sir Hudson Lowe's military career. But his gallant defence of the fort with the Corsican allies, only eight or ten British artillerymen being in his whole force, received high official praise, and everything recorded of his own conduct in the whole affair is of the most honorable kind. When the French with a superior force had gained possession of the town —

Next morning a flag of truce brought a summons from General Lamarque to Colonel Lowe to surrender the forts and batteries of Capri. He said —

"I hold a commanding position, and as soon as my artillery shall be placed I will destroy Capri, and it will be no longer time to negotiate. At this moment I may treat you with less severity."

To this Colonel Lowe gallantly replied —

"I acknowledge all the advantages which your present commanding positions afford you. Defence may therefore be more difficult, but it is not the less incumbent on me. Your propositions of rigor or favor on such an occasion must be alike indifferent to an officer whose conduct will never be influenced by any other considerations than those of his duty."

A close siege then commenced, and the defence was kept up till a French flotilla with reinforcements appeared, when another flag of truce was sent, with an intimation that General Lamarque wished to have a personal interview with the English commandant: —

Accordingly Colonel Lowe proceeded to meet the general. The latter demanded the immediate surrender of the place, and that the garrison should become prisoners of war, except only Colonel Lowe himself and five or six of his officers, whom he would allow to return to Sicily. He expressed his astonishment that they had not quitted the island instead of persisting in maintaining a post which was not tenable against cannon. Colonel Lowe replied that no distinction could be allowed between the troops and their commander or officers, and that the term "prisoners of war" would not be admitted into any convention that might be framed. General Lamarque then proposed several modifications;

but Colonel Lowe positively refused to accept of any other conditions than to evacuate his post with arms and baggage, and after his return to the town he drew up proposals for surrendering the island, and forwarded them to General Lamarque, who ultimately, and after some hesitation and difficulty, accepted them. On the 20th, Colonel Lowe evacuated the town with his troops and marched to the Marina, the place of embarkation, with all the honors of war.

It deserves to be mentioned, that, when General Lamarque required the restitution of several of the foreigners who had enlisted in the British service while prisoners of war, Colonel Lowe peremptorily refused. "You may shoot me, but I will never give up a single man," was his spirited reply to the general's demand.

Colonel Lowe next served with Sir John Stuart at Naples, and was afterwards appointed governor of some of the Greek Islands, including Cephalonia and Ithaca, from which the French had been driven: —

Colonel Lowe framed the provisional government, and presided over the civil as well as military administration of these islands for nearly two years, without ever claiming or receiving any remuneration for the extraordinary duties with which he was charged. Those duties were of a difficult nature, requiring temper, firmness, and administrative talents.

He was also frequently engaged in correspondence with the Turkish authorities on the coast of Albania and with the British Resident at Yanina. Sir John Stuart placed him in direct communication with Ali Pasha, with whom he had a personal interview, and received an offer from him to land thirty thousand Albanians in Italy, to effect a diversion for the purpose of preventing the invasion of Sicily by Murat.

On the 1st of January, 1812, Lieutenant-Colonel Lowe obtained the rank of full colonel, and in the following month was permitted to return to England on leave of absence. "I was then," he says, "in my twenty-fourth year of service, and had never been absent a single day from my public duty since the commencement of the war in 1793. I had been in England only once during that time, and then only for a period of six months during the peace of Amiens."

In 1813, Colonel Lowe was sent as one of the British commissioners to the allied armies. He joined the Russian army under the Emperor Alexander in Poland. At the battle of Bautzen, on the 21st and 22d of May, he first saw his future prisoner. In October he joined the allied armies under the command of Blücher, and was present at the battle of Leipsic, of which he wrote a long and able account. But it is needless further to refer to his services until the close of the great continental war. An honorable record is here given of them, and the letters from distinguished men testify to the estimation in which he was held. Some of these men still survive, such as Lord Cathcart and Lord Hardinge,

and will be gratified by the vindication of the memory of their friend. The latter, then Sir Henry Hardinge, in writing from Liege, April 22, 1815, says, in the course of a letter : —

I should fail in doing your friends here justice were I to deny myself the pleasure of assuring you of their esteem and attachment, which they profess too earnestly and frankly not to make it very acceptable for its sincerity. The Dutch insinuation that our eyes were directed to our shipping was distinctly denied in Lord Wellington's letter to General Gneisenau, in which he said that the present position of the Prussians on the Meuse and Sambre would induce him in any operations to make common cause. Among other officers who hear reports without having access to official information I have used your hint usefully ; and I beg as the greatest favor you can confer on me that at any leisure you can spare you will do me the kindness to continue these advices, which, in a new situation which you know so well, are very valuable.

In May, 1815, while acting as quarter-master-general of the Duke of Wellington's army, Sir Hudson Lowe was sent to take command of the British troops at Genoa, intended to coöperate with the Austro-Sardinian army in the south of France. At Heidelberg he had an interview with the Emperor Alexander, which he describes in a letter to Sir Henry Bunbury. He was with Lord Exmouth at the submission of Toulon, and while commandant at Marseilles, on the 1st of August, he received intelligence of his appointment to have the custody of Napoleon. He left, carrying with him the cordial esteem of Lord Exmouth, and the authorities of Marseilles presented him with a silver urn in consideration of his *conduite personnelle*.

Such is the British officer, in his previous history, whom we are in his new and responsible office as governor of St. Helena usually taught to regard as the impersonation of everything base and dishonorable. A crowd of testimonies are given in these volumes, from civil as well as military authorities, as to the admirable conduct of Sir Hudson Lowe in his painful and difficult office. We give two brief passages as specimens of many similar statements.

Colonel Jackson, now Professor of Military Surveying at Addiscombe, who, when a lieutenant, was stationed at St. Helena, says in a letter to the author : —

I never heard any of the French say a word against Sir Hudson Lowe's bearing towards them. His orders to his officers were to do all that courtesy and kindness could dictate to render the situation of the French persons as little unpleasant as possible, and, so far as I saw, every desire on their part was promptly attended to. He was himself a man possessing little of what is called *manner* — no man had less of that ; —

but he was full of kindness, liberality, and consideration for the feelings of others.

And again : —

I was honored with the friendly notice of Sir Hudson Lowe, and enjoyed much of his confidence, during the course of thirty years. I knew him when his military reputation marked him as an officer of the highest promise. I witnessed his able conduct as governor of St. Helena ; I saw him when the malice of his enemies had gained the ascendant, and covered him with unmerited opprobrium ; I beheld him on his death-bed ; and throughout these various phases in his career I admired and respected his character, while I truly loved the man.

From the Athenæum.

PROFESSOR FARADAY ON TABLE-MOVING.

THE following account of the methods pursued and the results obtained by Prof. Faraday in the investigation of a subject which has taken such strange occupation of the public mind, both here and abroad, has been communicated to our columns by that high scientific authority. The subject was generally opened by Mr. Faraday in the *Times* of Thursday ; it being therein intimated that the details were to be reserved for our this day's publication. The communication is of great importance in the present morbid condition of public thought — when, as Professor Faraday says, the effect produced by table-turners has, without due inquiry, been referred to electricity, to magnetism, to attraction, to some unknown or hitherto unrecognized physical power able to affect inanimate bodies, to the revolution of the earth, and even to diabolical or supernatural agency ; — and we are tempted to extract a passage from Mr. Faraday's letter to the *Times* which we think well worth adding to the experimental particulars and the commentaries with which he has favored ourselves. "I have been," says the professor, "greatly startled by the revelation which this purely physical subject has made of the condition of the public mind. No doubt there are many persons who have formed a right judgment or used a cautious reserve — for I know several such, and public communications have shown it to be so ; but their number is almost as nothing to the great body who have believed and borne testimony, as I think, in the cause of error. I do not here refer to the distinction of those who agree with me and those who differ. By the great body, I mean such as reject all consideration of the equality of cause and effect — who refer the results to electricity and magnetism, yet know nothing of the laws of these forces — or to attraction, yet show no phenomena of pure attractive power — or to the rotation of the earth, as if the earth revolved

round the leg of a table — or to some unrecognized physical force, without inquiring whether the known forces are not sufficient — or who even refer them to diabolical or supernatural agency, rather than suspend their judgment, or acknowledge to themselves that they are not learned enough in these matters to decide on the nature of the action. I think the system of education that could leave the mental condition of the public body in the state in which this subject has found it must have been greatly deficient in some very important principle."

EXPERIMENTAL INVESTIGATION OF TABLE-MOVING.

The object which I had in view in this inquiry was not to satisfy myself, for my conclusion had been formed already on the evidence of those who had turned tables — but that I might be enabled to give a strong opinion, founded on facts, to the many who applied to me for it. Yet, the proof which I sought for, and the method followed in the inquiry, were precisely of the same nature as those which I should adopt in any other physical investigation. The parties with whom I have worked were very honorable, very clear in their intentions, successful table-movers, very desirous of succeeding in establishing the existence of a peculiar power, thoroughly candid, and very effectual. It is with me a clear point that the table moves when the parties, though they strongly wish it, do not intend, and do not believe that they move it by ordinary mechanical power. They say, the table draws their hands; that it moves first, and they have to follow it — that sometimes it even moves from under their hands. With some the table will move to the right or left according as they wish or will it — with others the direction of the first motion is uncertain; — but all agree that the table moves the hands, and not the hands the table. Though I believe the parties do not intend to move the table, but obtain the result by a *quasi* involuntary action, still I had no doubt of the influence of expectation upon their minds, and through that upon the success or failure of their efforts. The first point, therefore, was, to remove all objections due to expectation, having relation to the substances which I might desire to use: — so, plates of the most different bodies, electrically speaking — namely, sand-paper, millboard, glue, glass, moist clay, tinfoil, cardboard, gutta serena, vulcanized rubber, wood, &c., — were made into a bundle and placed on a table under the hands of a turner. The table turned. Other bundles of other plates were submitted to different persons at other times — and the tables turned. Henceforth, therefore, these substances may be used in the construction of apparatus. Neither during their use nor at other times could the slight-

est trace of electrical or magnetic effects be obtained. At the same trials it was readily ascertained that one person could produce the effect; and that the motion was not necessarily circular, but might be in a straight line. No form of experiment or mode of observation that I could devise gave me the slightest indication of any peculiar natural force. No attractions, or repulsions, or signs of tangential power, appeared, nor anything which could be referred to other than the mere mechanical pressure exerted inadvertently by the turner. I therefore proceeded to analyze this pressure, or that part of it exerted in a horizontal direction: — doing so, in the first instance, unawares to the party. A soft cement, consisting of wax and turpentine, or wax and pomatum, was prepared. Four or five pieces of smooth, slippery cardboard were attached one over the other by little pellets of the cement, and the lower of these to a piece of sand-paper resting on the table; the edges of these sheets overlapped slightly, and on the under surface a pencil line was drawn over the laps so as to indicate position. The upper cardboard was larger than the rest, so as to cover the whole from sight. Then, the table-turner placed the hands upon the upper card, and we waited for the result. Now, the cement was strong enough to offer considerable resistance to mechanical motion, and also to retain the cards in any new position which they might acquire, and yet weak enough to give way slowly to a continued force. When at last the tables, cards and hands, all moved to the left together, and so a true result was obtained, I took up the pack. On examination, it was easy to see, by the displacement of the parts of the line, that the hand had moved further than the table, and that the latter had lagged behind; — that the hand, in fact, had pushed the upper card to the left, and that the under cards and the table had followed and been dragged by it. In other similar cases when the table had not moved, still the upper card was found to have moved, showing that the hand had carried it in the expected direction. It was evident, therefore, that the table had not drawn the hand and person round, nor had it moved simultaneously with the hand. The hand had left all things under it behind, and the table evidently tended continually to keep the hand back.

The next step was, to arrange an index, which should show whether the table moved first, or the hand moved before the table, or both moved or remained at rest together. At first this was done by placing an upright pin fixed on a leaden foot upon the table, and using that as the fulcrum of a light lever. The latter was made of a slip of foolscap paper, and the short arm, about $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch in length, was attached to a pin proceeding

from the edge of a slipping card placed on the table, and prepared to receive the hands of the table-turner. The other arm, of $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, served for the index of motion. A coin laid on the table marked the normal position of the card and index. At first the slipping card was attached to the table by the soft cement, and the index was either screened from the turner, or the latter looked away: then, before the table moved, the index showed that the hand was giving a resultant pressure in the expected direction. The effect was never carried far enough to move the table, for the motion of the index corrected the judgment of the experimenter, who became aware that, inadvertently, a side force had been exerted. The card was now set free from the table, *i. e.*, the cement was removed. This of course, could not interfere with any of the results expected by the table-turner — for both the bundle of plates spoken of and single cards had been freely moved on the tables before; but now that the index was there, witnessing to the eye, and through it to the mind, of the table-turner, not the slightest tendency to motion either of the card or of the table occurred. Indeed, whether the card was left free or attached to the table, all motion or tendency to motion was gone. In one particular case there was relative motion between the table and the hands: I believe that the hands moved in one direction; the table-turner was persuaded that the table moved from under the hand in the other direction: — a gauge, standing upon the floor, and pointing to the table, was therefore set up on that and some future occasions — and then neither motion of the hand nor of the table occurred.

A more perfect lever apparatus was then constructed in the following manner: — Two thin boards, $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches by 7 inches, were provided; a board, 9 by 5 inches, was glued to the middle of the underside of one of these (to be called the table-board), so as to raise the edges free from the table; being placed on the table, near and parallel to its side, an upright pin was fixed close to the further edge of the board, at the middle, to serve as the fulcrum for the indicating lever. Then, four glass rods, 7 inches long and $\frac{1}{4}$ in diameter, were placed as rollers on different parts of this table-board, and the upper board placed on them; the rods permitted any required amount of pressure on the boards, with a free motion of the upper on the lower to the right and left. At the part corresponding to the pin in the lower board, a piece was cut out of the upper board, and a pin attached there which, being bent downwards, entered the hole in the end of the short arm of the index lever: this part of the lever was of cardboard; the indicating prolongation was a straight hay-stalk 15 inches long. In order to restrain the

motion of the upper board on the lower, two vulcanized rubber rings were passed round both, at the parts not resting on the table: these, whilst they tied the boards together, acted also as springs — and whilst they allowed the first feeblest tendency to motion to be seen by the index, exerted before the upper board had moved a quarter of an inch sufficient power in pulling the upper board back from either side, to resist a strong lateral action of the hand. All being thus arranged, except that the lever was away, the two boards were tied together with string, running parallel to the vulcanized rubber springs, so as to be immovable in relation to each other. They were then placed on the table, and a table-turner sat down to them: — the table very shortly moved in due order, showing that the apparatus offered no impediment to the action. A like apparatus, with metal rollers, produced the same result under the hands of another person. The index was now put into its place and the string loosened, so that the springs should come into play. It was soon seen, with the party that could will the motion in either direction (from whom the index was purposely hidden), that the hands were gradually creeping up in the direction before agreed upon, though the party certainly thought they were pressing downwards only. When shown that it was so, they were truly surprised; but when they lifted up their hands, and immediately saw the index return to its normal position, they were convinced. When they looked at the index, and could see for themselves whether they were pressing truly downwards, or obliquely so as to produce a resultant in the right or left handed direction, then such an effect never took place. Several tried, for a long while together, and with the best will in the world; but no motion, right or left, of the table, or hand, or anything else, occurred. [A passage from the letter in the *Times* is worth reproducing here — as illustrating in other words the value of this method of self-conviction. "The result," says Prof. Faraday, "was, that when the parties saw the index it remained very steady; when it was hidden from them, or they looked away from it, it wavered about, though they believed that they always pressed directly downwards; and, when the table did not move, there was still a resultant of hand force in the direction in which it was wished the table should move, which, however, was exercised quite unwittingly by the party operating. This resultant it is which, in the course of the waiting time, while the fingers and hands become stiff, numb, and insensible by continued pressure, grows up to an amount sufficient to move the table or the substances pressed upon. But the most valuable effect of this test-apparatus (which was afterwards made more perfect and independent of the

table) is the corrective power it possesses over the mind of the table-turner. As soon as the index is placed before the most earnest, and they perceive — as in my presence they have always done — that it tells truly whether they are pressing downwards only, or obliquely, then all effects of table-turning cease, even though the parties persevere, earnestly desiring motion, till they become weary and worn out. No prompting or checking of the hands is needed — *the power is gone*; and this only because the parties are made conscious of what they are really doing mechanically, and so are unable unwittingly to deceive themselves. I know that some may say that it is the cardboard next the fingers which moves first, and that it both drags the table and also the table-turner with it. All I have to reply is, that the cardboard may in practice be reduced to a thin sheet of paper weighing only a few grains, or to a piece of goldbeaters' skin, or even the end of the lever, and (in principle) to the very cuticle of the fingers itself. Then the results that follow are too absurd to be admitted: the table becomes an incumbrance, and a person holding out the fingers in the air, either naked or tipped with goldbeaters' skin or cardboard, ought to be drawn about the room, &c.; but I refrain from considering imaginary yet consequent results which have nothing philosophical or real in them.")

Another form of index was applied thus: — a circular hole was cut in the middle of the upper board, and a piece of cartridge paper pasted under it on the lower surface of the board; a thin slice of cork was fixed on the upper surface of the lower board corresponding to the cartridge paper; the interval between them might be a quarter of an inch or less. A needle was fixed into the end of one of the index hay-stalks, and when all was in place the needle-point was passed through the cartridge paper and pressed slightly into the cork beneath, so as to stand upright; then any motion of the hand, or hand-board, was instantly rendered evident by the deflection of the perpendicular hay-stalk to the right or left.

I think the apparatus I have described may be useful to many who really wish to know the truth of nature, and would prefer that truth to a mistaken conclusion; desired, perhaps, only because it seems to be new or strange. Persons do not know how difficult it is to press directly downward, or in any given direction, against a fixed obstacle; or even to *know only* whether they are doing so or not; unless they have some indicator, which, by visible motion or otherwise, shall instruct them; and this is more especially the case when the muscles of the fingers and hand have been cramped and rendered either tingling, or insensible, or cold, by long-

continued pressure. If a finger be pressed constantly into the corner of a window frame for ten minutes or more, and then, continuing the pressure, the mind be directed to judge whether the force at a given moment is all horizontal, or all downward, or how much is in one direction and how much in the other, it will find great difficulty in deciding, and will at last become altogether uncertain; at least, such is my case. I know that a similar result occurs with others; for I have had two boards arranged, separated, not by rollers, but by plugs of vulcanized rubber, and with the vertical index; when a person with his hands on the upper board is requested to press only downwards, and the index is hidden from his sight, it moves to the right, to the left, to him and from him, and in all horizontal directions; so utterly unable is he strictly to fulfil his intention without a visible and correcting indicator. Now, such is the use of the instrument with the horizontal index and rollers; the mind is instructed, and the involuntary or *quasi* involuntary motion is checked in the commencement, and therefore never rises up to the degree needful to move the table, or even permanently the index itself. No one can suppose that looking at the index can in any way interfere with the transfer of electricity or any other power from the hand to the board under it or to the table. If the board tends to move, it may do so — the index does not confine it; and if the table tends to move, there is no reason why it should not. If both were influenced by any power to move together, they may do so — as they did indeed when the apparatus was tied, and the mind and muscles left unwatched and unchecked.

I must bring this long description to a close. I am a little ashamed of it, for I think, in the present age, and in this part of the world, it ought not to have been required. Nevertheless, I hope it may be useful. There are many whom I do not expect to convince; but I may be allowed to say that I cannot undertake to answer such objections as may be made. I state my own convictions as an experimental philosopher, and find it no more necessary to enter into controversy on this point than on any other in science, as the nature of matter, or inertia, or the magnetization of light, on which I may differ from others. The world will decide sooner or later in all such cases, and I have no doubt very soon and correctly in the present instance. Those who may wish to see the particular construction of the test-apparatus which I have employed, may have the opportunity at Mr. Newman's, 122 Regent Street. Further, I may say, I have sought earnestly for cases of lifting by attraction, and indications of attraction in any form, but have gained no traces of such effects. Finally, I beg to di-

rect attention to the discourse delivered by Dr. Carpenter at the Royal Institution on the 12th of March, 1852, entitled, "On the influence of Suggestion in modifying and directing Muscular Movement, independently of Volition" — which, especially in the latter part, should be considered in reference to table-moving by all who are interested in the subject.

M. FARADAY.

Royal Institution, June 27.

By these simple but conclusive experiments (says the Literary Gazette), Professor Faraday has unmasked the fallacy which has been turning the heads, hats and tables, of all Europe; and with the aid of glass, resin and other non-conducting materials, has, we hope, satisfied the electrical public that tables will not turn unless they are pushed. "I should be sorry," says Professor Faraday, who has been, doubtless, laughing in his sleeve while making these experiments, "if I thought this necessary on my own part;" and it seems to us rather hard that a great philosophic mind should have to go through all this tomfoolery for the sake of disproving what no really scientific man, as we stated two months ago, has yet ventured to assert. It is an act of condescension, on the part of the learned professor, for which he is to be honored. He has shown himself, in this instance, to be a watchful guardian, as well as an eloquent expositor, of popular science.

From the Spectator.

WATSON'S CRUISE IN THE ÆGEAN.*

THIS volume contains something more than a cruise in the Ægean. In addition to a steam-voyage from Constantinople to Sicily, Mr. Watson ascended Mount Etna, and visited several of the island cities, crossed over to Naples, spent about a week at Rome, and finally travelled through Savoy, Lombardy, and a portion of the Alps. He also increases the matter of his tour by reminiscences of travel on other occasions.

Neither the voyage nor the land travel was remarkable for incidents. The scenery and the cities Mr. Watson saw were beautiful in themselves or interesting for their association. For the most part, however, they have often been described already; and if the author does not make too much of his description, he does not stick to his text. One thing in one place suggests something else like it which he has seen in another place, and the reader is favored with both at full length. He also falls into the too common

habit of drawing upon his memory, or some compendium, for the history of the places he sees.

The principal feature of the volume is the ascent of Mount Etna. The voyage was made in one of her majesty's steamers; and, on arriving at Catania, the captain, the surgeon, and the guest, resolved to do the mountain in four-and-twenty-hours, or one half the usual time. This was accomplished by two of the party, but by exertions which produced results that rendered the enterprise anything but desirable to imitate. The captain, who only attained the English cottage, never was his own man again, and he died in three years after. Mr. Watson and the doctor were obliged to lie down and rest or sleep at considerable risk from the cold; on their return in mid-day they suffered terribly from the heat. After all, they could not manage sunrise from the summit, which embraces the whole circuit; though what they saw was magnificent. They did reach the crater at last, at separate intervals; and then Mr. Watson was repaid.

In the immediate neighborhood of the crater the internal heat suffices to keep the ground dry and hard, so that the remaining portion of the ascent was accomplished without difficulty or danger; though we were from time to time enveloped in the clouds of suffocating smoke, or vapor, which incessantly burst forth from the crater. Our path now lay along the edge of a vast hollow, perfectly round and smooth, and lined with a thick crust of crystallized sulphur, into which I rather hesitatingly followed the guide; but seeing that he plodded on *comme si ne rien était*, I felt I could not do better than tread in his footsteps over the treacherous ground. After descending a little way, we again climbed the steep side, and, emerging from this preparatory wonder, stood "upon the crater's burning lips." I did not burst forth into exclamations of wonder and delight, but probably my countenance expressed the inward feelings of the moment; for the guide looked at me, and said, in a quiet, significant manner, "Now, are you satisfied?" — as much as to say, "It is worth the trouble, is it not?" I was riveted to the spot, literally in breathless admiration. Never before had I felt such a deep, such an awful sense of the power of the Almighty.

We stood on the edge of a precipitous chasm, sharp and rugged as if the mountain had just been rent asunder. The internal surface, as far as the eye could penetrate, consisted of a coating of sulphureous earth, which seemed to be continually burning without being consumed; whilst through innumerable fissures jets of flame darted up, and played over the glowing mass, dazzling the eye by the intense brightness and variety of their coloring. The jagged, irregular outline of the whole crater is divided by a vast projecting wall of rock, of most singular appearance, coated with the deposit of the fumes

* A Cruise in the Ægean. The Retrospect of a Summer Journey Westward "from the Great City by Propontic Sea." Including an Ascent of Mount Etna. By Walter Watson. Published by Harrison.

which rise from the great laboratory below. This sublimation, being chiefly sulphur, appeared in every shade of bright yellow, orange, and crimson, as it glittered in the morning sunbeam. Clouds of dense white vapor rose from time to time from the innermost depths, with a hissing, roaring sound, like a mighty cataract. The occasional intermission of the rising clouds which steamed forth from the great gulf, afforded a partial glance at the lurid fire raging in the internal abyss. All around, as far as the eye could reach, within the crater, huge masses of rock lay tumbled over each other in chaotic confusion. Such an appearance, when the volcano is in a quiescent state, cannot fail to impress a spectator with a fearful idea of the inconceivable powers set in operation when the pent-up fires burst their bonds; and through this chasm, which is said to be near three miles in extent, the mountain hurls back the rocks buried within it by the fury of some earlier commotion.

The forest, which is the midmost of the three different regions or districts passed in the ascent, furnishes a striking picture.

The Forest Region has also an interest peculiar to itself; for the trees, chiefly oak in the part through which we passed, have as unnatural, unearthly an appearance, as the place in which they are found. The want of a sufficient depth of soil preventing the roots from penetrating downwards, they have spread themselves in curious network over the surface; or, being forced upwards by the hard substratum, have formed the most extraordinary natural arches against the parent trunk, which is frequently of immense diameter, but rarely above fifteen or twenty feet high, and stag-headed like a pollard-tree. The straggling branches afforded but a meagre shade under such a grilling sun; and for the benefit of future travellers we could but exclaim, like the Persians, as we passed, "May your shadows never be less!" It is impossible to convey any adequate idea of the black *petrified torrents* which we sometimes crossed, sometimes followed for a while. There was a strange illusion in some of these streams of lava, where the liquid fire had ploughed a deeper channel than usual. Seen from a little distance, the oak-trees growing on the high banks deceptively led one to think that the sparkling water was actually bounding over the rocks, filling the air with its joyous music and refreshing spray; and the contrast was the more hideous as one became conscious of the dead mass in the river-bed, and the deathlike stillness of the air. Where the Forest Region terminates, on the descent, the streams of lava have spread out like a great river losing itself in low marshy land.

From the N. Y. Times, 18 July.

FREE TRADE AS A BOND OF PEACE.

MR. SECRETARY DAVIS, at the banquet on Friday night, took occasion to declare himself very warmly in favor of free trade, as a means of preserving peace among the nations

of the earth. Those whose recollection of past political contests is especially sharp, probably thought the introduction of such a topic a violation of the proprieties of the occasion, though the cordial applause with which his remarks were received indicated a very general concurrence in the sentiments expressed. Indeed, we believe the public generally regard the question of protection as having been settled, and as having taken its place among the obsolete ideas which belong exclusively to the past. It is not likely again to constitute one of the dividing lines of political parties. Whether the whig party is dead or not (a point on which political doctors disagree), it is not likely again to advocate the adoption of such a tariff as shall protect American labor from the fullest and the freest competition with the labor of the world. That issue has been made and decided over and over again; and the popular verdict has been against the principle of protection. It is very easy, it is true, to explain the adverse result in each case, by attributing it to the fact that other issues intervened — that the public mind was misled — and that the contest, therefore, was neither fair nor final. But this cannot alter the fact; for if the popular conviction had been distinctly in favor of protection, other issues would not have been allowed to interfere with its expression. Right or wrong, the people of this country have decided almost as directly, and, we suspect, quite as finally, in favor of unrestricted commerce, as have those of England. And that party will not be wise, in either country, which shall challenge the verdict and insist upon another trial of the issue.

Looking at the matter, therefore, from a political point of view, Gen. Davis committed no very heinous offence against propriety when he introduced the subject of free trade into his speech at the dinner of Friday night. And in every other respect the reference was clearly pertinent. The very first topic which an exhibition of the products of the industry of all nations naturally suggests, is that of the freest possible intercourse — the largest possible interchange of commodities, among them. The great London Exhibition, which was the first ever had in which all nations joined, was due directly to the adoption of the free trade policy secured by Sir Robert Peel. It seemed to grow naturally from it — to be its direct and inevitable result. And the very general desire which has been shown to imitate that great demonstration, and to hold similar exhibitions in different countries, indicates a growing tendency, on the part of the people of those countries, towards greater freedom of commercial intercourse. Nations no longer repel the products of each other's labor. They rather invite the interchange.

And whatever may be thought of free trade as a question of political economy, and in its relations to the welfare of particular countries, no one can doubt that it is the most potent of all possible agencies for preserving peace among the nations which adopt it. Gen. Davis and the French minister were clearly right in declaring that the best possible means of preventing war is to multiply the commercial relations of the different countries of the earth. The direct tendency of free trade is to break down the barriers which separate nations — to create for them one common interest, and thus to render hostilities among them a mutual suicide. Just in proportion as nations become mutually dependent upon one another for the products of their industry, will it become impossible for them to go to war. So long as England could produce upon her own soil food for her own people, manufacture her own goods and provide within herself the raw material, it would be comparatively easy for her to wage hostilities against other nations. But now that she has opened her ports to the products of other lands — now that her millions of workmen look to the United States for the cotton they use, and in part for the grain they consume, as well as a market for the goods they make — war with this country becomes entirely another thing. The relative strength of our armies and our ships of war is a matter of little consequence. England might win a battle every week, and sink our fleets and annihilate our armies as fast as we could bring them into the field against her, and yet suffer immeasurably from the interruption of commerce which the fact of hostilities would occasion. A declaration of war would at once cut off her supplies of cotton, and thus throw millions of her laboring population out of work; while at the same time it would diminish her supplies of grain, and thus raise the price of food to her people at the very moment it had lessened their means of paying for it. Famine and pestilence would thus tread closely upon the footsteps of war, and that, too, whether victory or defeat should wait upon her banner. The chances of war, therefore, are greatly diminished by the adoption of free trade between any two of the great nations of the earth. And if the day shall ever come when commercial intercourse among all the nations shall be unfettered — when each shall interchange its own commodities with every other, and thus make itself dependent upon every other for some essential part of what its people need — it will become almost impossible for war to break out among them. Oppression may still, as it ought, create rebellions at home; the crushed and down-trodden may rise against the arbitrary power that afflicts them; but when the *interests* of all nations

shall have become consolidated by the universal adoption of free trade, international wars must become matters of memory and of history only. When war shall fall upon the great mass of the people of each nation who stay at home with a heavier hand than upon those who fill the ranks of the contending hosts — when famine shall waste those whom the sword shall spare — no government will be rash enough, or strong enough, to plunge its country into war. No ministry at this day, which should menace the people of England with the calamities of a war with the United States, upon any of the grounds which have occasioned wars hitherto, could maintain itself a month. Neither the fisheries, nor Cuba, nor Canada, will ever occasion war between England and America. The *interests* of England forbid it. Free trade has so increased the commercial intercourse and the mutual interdependence of the two countries, as to render it impossible.

No one will doubt that this is a result of the highest possible importance to the well-being of the human race — one to which much of what generally passes for national prosperity may well be sacrificed — one compared with which all our notions of national independence seem of little weight. All the tendencies of the age are clearly towards the adoption of free trade principles. There is at this moment no considerable nation in the world, which is not relaxing, rather than tightening, the bonds of its commercial intercourse with other nations. And in this fact we may easily find ground for trust, that the world draws sensibly near to that great consummation of prophecy and of hope, when the brotherhood of man shall be universally acknowledged — when the nations of the earth shall not learn war any more, but strive by all possible means to advance the common happiness and well-being of the human race.

The Adventures of a Gentleman in Search of the Church of England.

Sketches of an Evangelical or Low Church family, and their favorite minister; of two young Tractarian curates, and the manner of conducting the service at their church; and of the true *media via* of safety, as exhibited by an excellent country parson, his amiable family, a pattern landlord, and a worthy village. Belleville and its various inhabitants may possibly be discovered in real provincial life, but we fear as a sort of *rara avis*. The picture of Rubric, the gentlemanly and scholarly Tractarian curate, is a favorable likeness, not exaggerated. The sketch of the "serious family" and the Honorable and Reverend Mr. Mild might have had more force and richness of coloring without ever passing the boundaries of the real. The book is supposed to be written by a returned colonist wishing to find the church of his youth. — *Spect.*